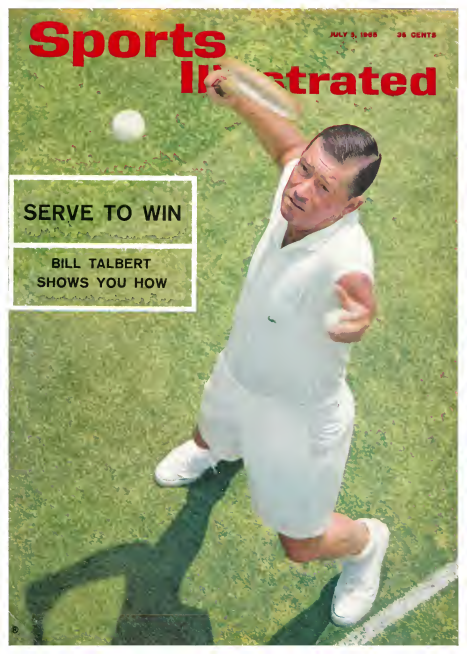


Sports Illustrated



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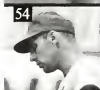
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Next week

MAURY WILLS, base stealer, bargo player and raconteur, is a key figure in the Dodgers' surprising renaissance year. William Leggett reports on an exciting and appealing baseball player.

YACHTING'S BIG WEEK takes place each year at Cowes, England. Garry Crissham aims his color camera at this great spectacle and Carlton Mitchell recalls the times he was there.

MARY HEMINGWAY reminisces about her beautiful days aboard *Pilar* with Ernest and compares their Caribbean fishing experiences to a recent Sunday trip off New Zealand.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Stanley L. James

For the second year in a row we are presenting a special tennis package, beginning on page 32. The number of tennis players in this country, I am told, has doubled since World War II, and this does not surprise me. There are many reasons why the game should be popular. It does not take long to play. You can leave your home after breakfast—I know a couple of fellows who leave *before* breakfast—play three sets, return home and still have most of the day with the family. It is a relatively inexpensive sport. Unless you are finicky or careless, a good racket should last a lifetime. Tennis provides all the exercise most people can handle, increasing the wind while it reduces the waistline. Best of all, satisfaction from the play itself is as wide as a player's range of shots. Angle a return of service between your lunging opponent and the sideline and you are, for the moment at least, a fencer scoring a touch. Wallop an overhead that echoes three courts away and you are heavyweight champion of the world.

No wonder, then, that the number of tennis courts in this country increases every year as supply tries to meet demand. The pleasant sound of racket meeting ball can be heard in the most varied places these days—at the Blackfoot Junior Tennis Club in Idaho, in salt-spray proximity to Balboa Bay in Newport Beach, Calif. and, believe it or not, inside the walls of Grand Central Station in New York.

Nor is tennis any longer confined to warm-weather months. Indoor courts are springing up all over the country (SI, March 8), including some with surfaces unknown 10 years ago, among them cork and synthetic grass.

Unfortunately, enthusiasm in the U.S. for spectator tennis has not kept pace. Perhaps this is because those who enjoy the game are busy playing it, but I doubt it. A better reason is that the U.S. no longer dominates the tennis world as it

did when Tilden, Budge, Kramer and Gonzales were around. The finalists of the U.S. Nationals used to come from Los Angeles or St. Louis, Cincinnati or Philadelphia, but in recent years they have usually been from Australia, with an occasional outsider from Mexico. The tennis may be good—probably better than ever—but for the U.S. spectator the routine interest is missing.

Refreshingly, there have been signs of late that U.S. tennis officials are doing something about this fall from the top. Two years ago an energetic man named Bill Riordan talked the USLTA into taking the National Indoor tournament out of the dingy old armory in New York and putting it in a clean, well-lit auditorium in Salisbury, Md. Since then the tournament has played to a full house but, more important, watching the likes of Roy Emerson, Chuck McKinley and other leading players has stimulated tennis interest among the youngsters of that area.

Similarly, when the Davis Cup was defended in this country last September—a rarity these days—the matches were held in Cleveland instead of Forest Hills and were capably promoted by another bright young man, Bob Malaga. It is significant that the site of the matches was a junior high school athletic field. Every year increased attention is being given to junior tennis programs. Within the next couple of weeks, the best young players in this country will assemble in Columbus, Ohio for intensified training under the Junior Davis Cup program. And in Charleston, S.C. the outstanding high school players from six cities will meet in the fourth annual National City Team Championships.

With this accent on youth, it seems just a question of time before the U.S. produces another great champion. Cliff Richey, for instance, could be the one. You can meet him on page 47 of this year's tennis issue.

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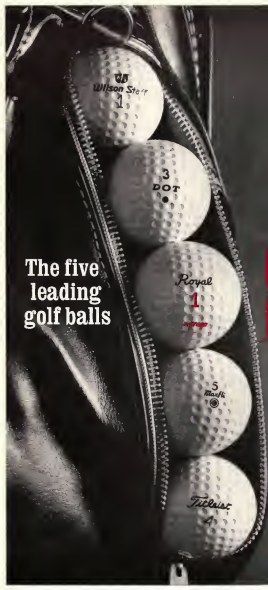
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nothing but box.

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Which is too ridiculous to discuss any further.



SCORECARD

TEST CASE

There has been comment that Gary Player's victory in last week's U.S. Open was a dull one. This is not so, as those discerning golf followers who saw the action at Bellerive Country Club will know. It was a golf version of watching Sugar Ray box 15 rounds to a decision, or seeing Sandy Koufax beat Juan Marichal 1-0; you had to appreciate the subtleties. But what certainly was missing, and took the lustre from the Open, was the absence of the climactic and traditional 36-hole final day.

The USGA now has tested its new four-day format—one arrived at to accommodate television. By changing the Open to suit TV the USGA hopes it can make a package television deal that will include the relatively unwanted Women's Open and U.S. Amateur. But what the USGA has managed to do is to tarnish the country's finest golf tournament by killing its distinctive feature—the 36-hole final. The old format should be restored at once. Then let the USGA put its TV package on the open market. We'll bet the networks will be in there bidding for it.

NHL GOES BIG LEAGUE

Ice hockey may well be the world's speediest sport, but no one in his right mind ever accused the National Hockey League of hasty movement. Like a novice content to practice figure eights in a quiet corner of a vast public rink, the NHL has long been content to skate aloof in its private little six-city circle, while the whole vast continent of North America clamored for big-league hockey.

Last week, however, though not exactly tossing caution to the winds, the NHL took what seemed to be a definite, if diffident, step onto the broader ice. After a special league meeting, President Clarence Campbell announced the NHL's formal intention of expanding to 12 teams by 1968, and threw open the door to formal applications from anyone with an arena seating 12,500 or more and \$2 million of backing to go with it. Teams from St. Louis and Los Angeles, added

Campbell, have fulfilled the qualifications already and "could go tomorrow."

The NHL franchise-tenders may soon be busy as a goalie during a power play as the syndicates rush to get in. Rival groups from San Francisco and Oakland (the latter backed by Bing Crosby) are already elbowing each other aside. Other contenders include Baltimore, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington and Houston, with Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, Winnipeg and Quebec also peering in.

Whatever effect all this may have on the stad proprietors of the NHL, it cannot help but liven up the game of hockey.

ACHING-BACK MAN

Backache is a relatively new human ailment, peculiar to today's sedentary man, according to Hans Kraus, M.D., who treated President John F. Kennedy's back for some years and has just come out with a book on the subject: *The Cause, Prevention and Treatment of Backache, Stress and Tension* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50). It tells how to test your susceptibility to backache and gives exercises for sick backs, but what interested us most was a chapter entitled "Running, Yes; Golf, Maybe; Football, No." Dr. Kraus holds that some sports are better than others for release of tension, a prime cause of backache, and that some are of substantially no value, or even harmful to the tense.

Running, for instance, is "by far and away the best thing you can do," provided you warm up and cool off properly. Swimming, bicycling, hiking, gymnastics have his warm approval, too. And so, to a lesser extent, do skiing, tennis, rowing and boxing, though of skiing he points out that, what with chair lifts and all, it "is a good example of how we try to get the most pleasure from the least work." It has, he says, "become the sport of the nonathlete."

As for golf, "One of our great fallacies about golf is the notion that it is a relaxing game." It does not relax at all, says Dr. Kraus. Instead, "it is filled with

mental tension from the first tee to the 18th green." Boxing, on the other hand, is "most beneficial," if protective equipment is used and it does not get "too competitive."

As for football, it is "legalized assault" with overwhelming chances for injury. And in many ways touch football is worse, since an extra hard block can create resentment and, thereby, tension. Baseball? It "cannot be viewed as a good game, either, for a sufficient physical workout." In fact, "most of the time the players, with the exception of the pitcher and catcher, simply stand around doing nothing at all."

THE SIMPLE LIFE

The most exclusive area of the Houston Astros' domed stadium is the Skydome Club, way up in the penthouse on the sixth level. It is very private and very luxurious. But while it serves fine, juicy



steaks and superb caviar, it will have nothing to do with such baseball staples as hot dogs and popcorn. Efforts to smuggle a bag of peanuts into the area are doomed, since the elevators leading to it are heavily policed. Offers to pay a corkage charge have been ignored.

And so a popcorn-loving Texan did the only thing possible under the circumstances. Ben McGuire, Houston financier, installed a popcorn machine in his \$18,000 suite.

PASTURE ON THE SEA

Weatherly was not the best 12-meter boat ever built. She was sturdier rather than sleek, she was top-heavy and tender. After an unimpressive start in the 1958

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America's Cup trials she was slimmed down, and by 1962 could stand up to a breeze without wheezing. She was selected to defend that year because she was reliable, could keep going in any weather—and had the best crew. After winning the cup she was mothballed for three years, another obsolete million-dollar hulk. A used 12-meter quickly degenerates. If not laid up, she is likely to be raced recklessly by local hot rodders or else sailed sedately by portly vice-commanders who want to say they skipped the boat that won the cup. But *Weatherly*, one of the least glamorous of defenders, has the brightest future since *Ancora* was running the blockades in the Civil War. Owner Henry Mercer, head of States Marine Lines, has given her to the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, N.Y., as a cadet-training ship. In this age of science and nuclear vessels a sailor can roam the seven seas without getting wet. *Weatherly* is intended to give the cadets a taste of the rail-down beat to windward now generally reserved for memories and millionaires.

CONFLICT OF INTEREST

Now that the Ruppert Knickerbocker brewers of New York have bought the Boston Celtics for \$3 million, they might like to know something about the Celtic star who made that \$3 million expenditure worth while. En route to brief supervision of his Liberian rubber plantation, Bill Russell confided that he will be doing public relations work at the World's Fair this summer for New York's Schaefer Brewing Company.

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

Curtains of gay chintz decorate the windows. The front door is backed by wrought-iron scrollwork. At first glance inside you might think it was a hairdressing salon. It is, rather, Britain's only betting shop exclusively for women. The man behind the novel idea is Albert Whittaker, Birmingham bookmaker.

"I had thought for a long time," he says, with some pride, "that women punters needed more individual attention than men. Yet we could not always provide this in a mixed shop, especially when things became hectic just before the off. Sometimes it meant the women had to jostle with the men to place their bets. If they were uncertain about the intricacies of placing an 'accumulator' bet, they might hold up several men clients.

So I decided to give them their own premises where they could bet in quieter, more leisurely circumstances and where members of my staff would have time to explain the various complexities of placing bets."

Business has boomed since the opening a year ago. The men's shops are happier, too.

HOLDOUT

While Negro athletes would appear to be in demand elsewhere in the Southwest Conference—both Texas Christian and Southern Methodist will have Negroes on athletic scholarships next year—Texas A&M policy remains quite firmly opposed to the integrated team.

"I've got nothing against the Negro athlete," explained Gene Stallings, new Aggie football coach, with the customary preface, "but I don't believe he fits into our plans right now."

"What we need is a team that will work and pull and fight together and really get a feeling of oneness. We need to be a complete unit. I don't believe we could accomplish this with a Negro on the squad."

One of the cardinal sins of football is to miss the point after touchdown. Stallings seems to be missing the point even before the season starts.

THE MORE IT CHANGES

For more than a year now the physicians of Las Cruces, N. Mex. have suffered calls to the hospital at awkward hours to set arms and legs broken in skateboard falls. Understandably, for the sake of the younger generation and a well-ordered life for doctors, they have been hoping that the kids would find a new fad.

And so they have. Since the end of the school term the youngsters have been sliding down the steep sides of the beautifully granulated gypsum dunes in the nearby White Sands National Monument and the desert beyond. Sand surfing, as it is called, is quite popular and has already resulted in its first broken leg.

CHANCE AT THE BIG TRY

In an average year, some 11,000 golfers shoot holes in one in the U.S. The record was set in 1961, with 12,888 aces.

It is a distinction, nonetheless, as any hole-in-one will assure you. Or as the experience of the United Voluntary Services will testify. Last summer the UVS instituted its annual National Hole-in-

One Contest, proceeds to go to UVS golf programs at veterans' hospitals and armed forces bases. The contest ran for a month, and the national winner was Captain M. R. Pruitt of Tyndall Air Force Base, Florida, who did not score a hole in one at all. His shot on the 170-yard 9th hole at the Tyndall AFB course came to rest six inches from the pin. That was the closest any contestant approached the ideal.

The contest is on again this year, during the month of July, and costs but a \$1 contribution to UVS per try. Winners get trophies. Holes must be at least 110 yards long and supervised.

INVITATION TO THE FAIR

There is always something in the air in New York City: ticker tape and confetti, the music of Horowitz, sulphuric acid, carbon monoxide and carcinogenic benzopyrene. The Manhattan resident inhales daily the hydrocarbon equivalent of two packages of cigarettes. Because of these and other infestations of the city's burgoon-thick atmosphere, window washing and permanent waves cost the fastidious inhabitant an extra \$800 annually, nylons run faster and even the statue of Sherman's horse in the park is dissolving. No one knows how much damage is being done to priceless paintings in the wonderful museums.

Nor is there any escape by submerging oneself at any of the city's beaches. A scuba diver, assuming he has filled his tank with proud Manhattan's air, has, at the recommended depth limit of 132 feet, enough pressure on his lungs to cause his tissues to absorb five times the amount of deadly carbon monoxide he would get at surface level. Using one of the 15,000 tanks that will be filled with Manhattan air this year, he could become poisoned with prolonged diving. The diver would be far better off sitting on the beach smoking a cigar.

THEY SAID IT

• Archie Wilkins, 400-meter champion in the 1936 Olympics, on the NCAA-AAU feud: "I think track was better in the old days. When you wanted to compete, all you had to do was ask your mother."

• Craig Morton, California quarterback, on the first time he ran against Illinois last fall: "Linebacker Dick Butkus and Tackle Archie Sutton hit me at the same time. Each grabbed a leg and was pulling away when Butkus said, 'O.K. Archie, make a wish.'"

END



FAST TEEN-AGERS IN GROWN-UP TIME

With tactical cunning and a brilliant burst of speed, 18-year-old Jim Ryun beat the great Peter Snell in a 3:55.3 mile. Earlier another young American, Gerry Lindgren, helped demolish a world mark **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

In San Diego one day last week an 18-year-old boy and a former football linebacker sat down to map out the strategy the boy would have to follow to defeat the most famous of Olympic champions in a mile run. The gall of the pair could be matched only by the futility of their project. But two nights later, in the National AAU track and field championships at San Diego, the man and the boy produced their shocking upset. Pounding out of the last turn like a half back sweeping end, Jim Ryun, his broad, bony shoulders thrown back, his long, bony knees pumping like oil drills, climaxed a perfectly run race by holding off Peter Snell's furious, final challenge in the most exciting race of an already eventful track season. Ryun's time of 3:55.3 was an American citizen's record and his brilliant race marked another breakthrough by American teen-age distance runners. Only 90 minutes earlier 19-year-old Gerry Lindgren had pushed Olympic Champion Billy Mills to a world record six-mile time of 27:11.6, diving for the tape in such close tandem with Mills that he received equal credit for the record.

In addition to prestige and world records, at stake in San Diego for the first two American finishers in each of 19 events were places on the U.S. track team that will face the Russians in Kiev at the end of July. But young Ryun and his high school coach, J. D. Edmiston, who did far better as a linebacker at the University of Wichita 15 years ago than in the shot, discus and hurdles, were after bigger game.

"We're here for two reasons," Edmiston announced to friends when he and Ryun arrived in town, "and the Russians have nothing to do with them. We're out to beat Snell and we're out to beat the world record. It is going to be a barn-burner."

Three weeks earlier Ryun had finished third to Snell and Jim Grelle in the Compton Invitational (SI, June 14), and

had been both vastly elated and tremendously dejected by his performance. He had run outside in the second lane for practically the entire race, adding perhaps 15 or 20 yards to the 1,760 the rest of the field had covered.

"I realized I had run a fast race," Ryun said, "but it was such a dumb one. When Snell made his move at the end I just stood there and watched him."

"But it was significant," chimed in Edmiston. "For the first time Jim realized that he could beat a Peter Snell."

Six nights after Compton, Ryun was back home in Wichita, Kans. grinding out a training session that for sheer speed and volume was far greater than even the hard-working Snell had been able to undergo in New Zealand in preparation for his Olympic 800- and 1,500-meter double victory. Walking for 60 seconds between quarter miles, Ryun had galloped 20 of them at an average speed of 50 seconds per quarter. Despite the exhaustion that must inevitably follow such punishment, he had covered the last one in 56 seconds. Ryun continued his hard training for the next 10 days and then, after a particularly rigorous workout on the Monday before Sunday's race in San Diego, began to ease off. The strategy that Ryun and Edmiston concocted called for the runner to stay near the lead throughout the early part of the race, but in a free and clear position so that he could run close to the pole and not add extra yards. With 330 yards to go, Ryun was to take the lead. Then, as soon as he heard someone surging up behind him, he would mount a finishing—and hopefully winning—sprint of his own.

The plot seemed wondrously simple, but if there is one thing that seldom goes according to plan it is a mile run. Besides, Snell and the other prerace favorite, Grelle, were in prime condition themselves. Snell had been stricken by an intestinal disorder a week or so earlier but, though he

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BOB CLARSON

Summoning a last, desperate effort from his straining body, Ryun holds off New Zealander Snell to win the mile in American-record time.

HIGH-PRICED BASH IN BUFFALO

In a month better known for brides and sunstroke, the 1965 football season got underway with an all-star preview of the biggest, fastest and richest crop of rookies to dazzle the professional leagues in years **by DAN JENKINS**

Ara Parseghian and Frank Broyles were deeply concerned with three-putt greens. Their wives, Katie and Barbara, were much more fascinated with Niagara Falls. And the 7,000 Jaycees who managed not to destroy the city totally during their national convention were too busy hunting for their floats and guitars and red suspenders to notice. But last week the big news in Buffalo was the first football game of the year. It was a good one, and gave the country its first look, in professional surroundings, at the best of last season's college seniors. Most will be pro rookies, and Saturday night they seemed almost to be worth the eight hundred or so trillion dollars the NFL and AFL are paying them to put on uniforms this fall.

The occasion was the fifth annual All-America Game of the American Football Coaches Association, now the best of the college all-star games. If there is a drawback, it is that the game in Buffalo's War Memorial Stadium does not match NFL rookies against AFL rookies—something that would heighten the excitement. Instead, East plays West, and the East won 34-14, with Notre Dame Coach Ara Parseghian defeating Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles—they were Co-Coaches of the Year in 1964—just as he had done on the golf courses all week. But, as everyone knows, it matters not who wins or loses in all-star games but how the individuals play. So the real score was 2-1 in favor of the NFL.

That was the ratio by which the rookies of the older league outshone those of the AFL in a spirited, wide-open game. The countdown on potentially superb

rookies also favored the NFL, and the most cheered-up team of all should be the Chicago Bears. The Bears do not have Ken Willard, recently of North Carolina, a 235-pound halfback who is built like a tackle and was rightfully voted the outstanding player for his 133 yards gained. The San Francisco 49ers have him. Nor do the Bears have sidearming John Huarte, the New York Jets' high-salaried passer by way of Notre Dame and the game's most effective quarterback. But they do have Dick Butkus, the massive, mauling Illinois linebacker; Gale Sayers, the darting, bounceup runner from Kansas; and the surprisingly good Jim Jones, a speedy, acrobatic defensive back from Wisconsin. As one envious scout said after watching the three play Saturday night, "The Bears had a hell of a draft."

As Butkus has done throughout his career, he discarded blockers like a man sorting through unappetizing ears of corn, to make repeated tackles. Keying on Sayers, Butkus was the ringleader of an East defense that thoroughly whipped the West's line and made life unpleasant for Broyles's two main quarterbacks, Craig Morton of California and Jerry Rhyme of Tulsa, both of whom belong to the growing stable of quarterbacks (10, as of an hour ago) being assembled by the Dallas Cowboys.

Sayers, however, in brief jabs of glory sped into daylight, exhibited his bounding style and left the impression that—once Butkus is on his side—he will give the Bears the kind of runs they have not enjoyed since Willie Galtmore's best Sundays.

This is not to detract from Willard,

who had 49er Scout Pappy Waldorf beaming. Willard is a bruiser, with good moves despite his size. He breaks tackles and gets outside and drags people along. But he lacks speed, a commodity that was on show in abundance in Buffalo. Olympic Sprint Champion Bob Hayes of Florida A&M was playing flanker, for one thing. But even Hayes looked no faster than the Bears' Jones, who was the fleetest of the defensive backs, nor did he react more quickly than Clancy Williams of the L.A. Rams and Washington State, or Toledo's Jim Gray, who will be a most welcomed Jet. Almost as effective were the big linemen: Jim Norton (250, 49ers), Garry Porterfield (245, Cowboys), Jerry Rush (250, Lions), Bill Curry (235, Packers), Verlon Biggs (250, Jets), Bob Sythus (250, Raiders) and Alphonse Dotson (272, Chiefs).

Parseghian and Broyles, as pessimistic as most college coaches, were disenchanted with the talent throughout the practice sessions at the University of Buffalo. Not that the players lacked ability—indeed, 30 of them were chosen for the American Football Coaches' three All-America teams—but it was difficult to tell much with only a week to work.

"Craig Morton can't throw short and Jerry Rhyme can't throw long right now," said Broyles one day.

Parseghian said, "We've got so many injuries I've got to use Roger Staubach on defense." He did, some.

The positive thinking was left to the players, and no one could have found a better Norman Vincent Peale man than Dotson of Grambling College, the Kansas City Chiefs and the West squad.



Ken Willard of North Carolina, the 49ers' 235-pound halfback, rams through the West line.

Just to see Alphonse Dotson was an experience for the droves of coaches and spectators who lined the practice fields each day. He stuffs his 272 pounds into a 6-foot-4 frame, and he is the latest giant to be turned out by Grambling Coach Eddie Robinson. Grambling is the small college in Louisiana that gave pro football 320-pound Ernie Ladd and 280-pound Junius Buchanan. In dummy practice Dotson wrecked everything Broyles' team tried. And he talked.

"You know," said Dotson in a soft, high voice, "I jes' hate quarterbacks. At Grambling we didn't play lovey-dovey football. We had a dull scrimmage if

there wasn't three or four fights. A Russian doctor taught me the philosophy of the game. I forget his name. Anyhow, he said you should destroy the enemy so unmercifully that he will not be prone to rise again—severely. I am sensitive, really. I paint and I sculpt and I lean more toward the modernistic and cubistic schools, and all in there. But on the football field, well, of course, Coach Robinson will tell you how I put out the three quarterbacks one day, including his son, who got his nose broke. Sometimes he would have to tell me to let the man up because he was a good cat."

Considered by the reporters and vis-

ing coaches to be one of the five most impressive rookies in the Buffalo encampment before the game (ironically, all of them were on the losing West squad, the others being Morton, Sayers, Williams and Baylor's flanker, Larry Elkins), Dotson failed to be the king of the night. He demonstrated that he had endurance by going the entire game at middle guard and often against double-team blocking, but his victims all walked away from the scenes of their accidents.

The football world will have to wait awhile before deciding whether Alphonse Dotson is another Big Daddy Lipscomb. There probably will be an equally long trial period for the illustrious quarterbacks who began earning their illustrious bonuses in Buffalo.

Huarte got \$200,000 from the Jets, Morton and Rhome \$100,000 each from the Cowboys and—just think—the three of them together equaled what the Jets paid another rookie, Joe Namath, who is still recovering from a knee operation. Huarte cannot do anything well but win. He throws sideways, but with a curious accuracy. Even when he appears to release the ball with too much haste under the pressure of a rush, and somewhat recklessly, it finds its way into a receiver's hands either by design or deflection. He threw one ball away, which Washington's Rack Redman intercepted for a touchdown, but he threw another away that his old Irish teammate, Jack Snow, caught on the rebound for a touchdown in the proper end zone.

Rhome, not so successful as Huarte, nevertheless looked better than Morton, coolly taking the West to its one legitimate touchdown of the game on a 50-yard drive in which he hit three out of four passes. But the rest of the time Rhome was blitzed by Butkus and another linebacker, Pitt's Marty Schottenheimer, and was lucky the sideline doctors did not have to perform a tracheotomy to retrieve the ball.

Morton, who has such a strong arm that he throws long passes in practice when his team wants to work on punt returns, looked less nimble than spectators had been promised. But he did live up to Frank Broyles' predictions. He threw the short ones into the dirt.

All three quarterbacks complained that they were rusty. Five months from now, when the season is half over, they probably will be just fine. By then the linemen will be pretty tired.

END

A Speedy Son Carries on the Adios Tradition



The biggest daddy of them all is dead. Adios, whose brilliant sons and daughters dominate modern harness racing much as Hambletonian's progeny did a century ago, died last week in a weathered wooden barn deep in the hill country of western Pennsylvania. But the Adios era is not over. Out on the Grand Circuit his 3-year-old son Bret Hanover is unbeatable, the winner of 29 straight. And under the lights at Laurel Raceway, another son emerged last week, the 2-year-old Meadow Lenco, pacing faster than any colt his age to take his third race in a row, the Reading Futurity. These are but two of Adios' 500 foals. Altogether, the bright bay's offspring have won 5,200 races and close to \$15 million, gratifying statistics to the man who first recognized Adios' potential—top harness horseman Delvin Miller (left, under a portrait of his champion). It was Miller who bought Adios for \$21,000 after he had raced for five years, coast to coast, winning 43 dashes but a paltry \$33,000. It was Miller who supervised Adios' 19-year stud career. So, understandably, it was Miller to whom New York's Bettelwood Stables turned last fall after purchasing untried Meadow Lenco for \$60,000 at the Harrisburg Sales. Miller shipped the bay colt to Florida, patiently broke him to harness and schooled him for five months, as the pictures on the following pages show. Now, hopefully, Del Miller has a new champion.

CONTINUED



In late November, Meadow Lenco received his first lesson (above). He was permitted to smell a leather girth and inspect it. Then the harness was placed over his back and fastened loosely around him.



The next day (right) a bit was gently eased into his mouth and a bridle slipped over his ears. The cups at eye level prevent the calf from seeing behind him. What he does not see will not bother him.

Later that week Meadow Lenco was driven in long reins through the stable area. With one man beside him and another behind, the calf learned to make right and left turns and respond to pressure on the reins. After five days, before he could become bored, his regimen was changed.





After a half-hour refresher course in long reins, an assistant stood at Meadow Lark's head (above), trying to distract him while a rattle-free cart was pulled up and attached.

One week later Miller slipped into the job cart for the first time (above, right) and the son of Adids was led past obstructions in the stable area out onto a deserted race track.

Whip in hand (right), Miller supervised and reprimanded when necessary. He allowed the colt to walk, trot or pace at will, but tapped him lightly when he began to wheel or balk.

Hesplees are designed to help a peccar stey on gwt. When Meadow Lark got his first pair (far right) the cart was put away until he had become accustomed to this new gear.





CONTINUED



By early February, Meadow Lanco (above, on rail) was working slow miles in company. Like other colts, he tended to take the shortest way around, so postilions were alternated in work-outs. He then was introduced to the starting gate (below) which looked a little like the feed truck he chased as a foal in the pasture at home. Wary at first, he was allowed to nibble on the gate, soon was jogging quietly behind it. School days over and ready to continue the Adios tradition, Meadow Lanco (No. 5, right) started in a melée at Pampas Park and won his first race.





REPORT ON A MISSION FOR L.B.J.



JAMES GORDON

Tumbling into the river was not on the agenda, but Beyerd Ashcroft had gone to the famous Delaware Water Gap inspired by a message from the President. In another of his ingenuitous letters to Phipps Piper, Ashcroft adds to the misadventurous affairs of two old Harvard classmates **by GERALD HOLLAND**

Phipps Piper, '14,
Harvard Club,
New York, N.Y.,
ZIP 10036

My dear Phipps:

Let me assure you straightway that I was greatly amused by your account of the high-speed bus trip [SI, May 8, 1961] your mother gave you permission to take to Atlantic City. A good show for persons like yourself who have time to frivol.

Well, Phipps, I dare say you have been wondering what I have been up to lately. I am afraid I cannot match the excitements of the Atlantic City Boardwalk. But I have been active in a more serious area, and have been in contact with our national government at the highest level. I shall have to be very careful as I write

this not to reveal anything that might be interpreted as "classified information."

To begin. For some time now, Phipps, I have been casting about for some way to play a larger part in public affairs, specifically to give what support I could to the admirable programs of our President, L.B.J. Naturally, I saw no way to be of service to the President in the more complex problems facing him—those involving the Great Society, medical care for elders, beautification of highways and all that—but then one day I was thrilled to read that President L.B.J. had issued a call for action to which I could respond. In this appeal to all patriotic Americans, the President urged that those of us planning to travel should see the natural wonders of our own land before taking U.S. dollars abroad. In other words,

L.B.J. was saying, "See America First!"

Reading the President's message, I was filled with excitement. As you know, Phipps, I have traveled very little. Buzzards Bay, Woods Hole, the South Shore in the summer months—that about tells the story. (Father, as you know, felt that there was no need for anyone living in Boston to go anywhere else.) But through the years I have had one great dream, derived solely from my reading of travel magazines, and that was to ride *The Phoebe Snow*, crack flyer of the Delaware-Lackawanna Railroad, through—actually through—one of our grandest scenic wonders, namely, the Delaware Water Gap. The very thought that, with Father gone, I might bring this dream to fruition sent my spirits soaring.

Did I dare? I put the question to my

sister Lodge (Radcliffe '19, you will recall) and she replied in her usual forthright manner, "If a pipsqueak like Phipps Piper can take a high-speed bus to Atlantic City, surely you should not hesitate to fly."

I protested, "Now see here, Lod," I said. "I have no intention of flying. My plan is to ride *The Phoebe Snow* of the Delaware-Lackawanna Railroad through the Water Gap as my way of backing up the 'See America First' program of President L.B.J."

Lodge shook her head impatiently. But then she said in a kindly way, "Bayard, you have kept to this old house in Louisburg Square for so long that you have completely lost contact with the outside world. For instance, the Delaware-Lackawanna Railroad has been merged into the Erie Lackawanna. Furthermore, in order to catch *The Phoebe Snow*, what you have to do is fly from Logan airport here in Boston to Newark, N.J. There you take a taxicab to Hoboken, where *The Phoebe Snow* originates. Now, I'll take care of your tickets. You get busy with your packing."

That is Lodge for you, always cutting to the heart of the matter.

Well, Phipps, I could fill scores of pages with an account of my first flight by four-engine airship, but I must get on directly to my efforts in behalf of the L.B.J. program in which I was so deeply interested. Next morning, at 10 o'clock, I found myself sitting in the observation car of *The Phoebe Snow* in the Hoboken yards. This magnificent train was everything I had been led to expect. I felt an overwhelming need to talk to someone, and presently I had the opportunity. A woman of powerful physique entered the car and took the seat beside me. If she had been Radcliffe or Smith (which I could tell she was not) I would have judged her to be '23 or '24. She wore a striking hat that looked like a great bowl of pink and red roses, artfully arranged. Her dress was a pattern of huge wild flowers, opened to full bloom. Draped over her arm, oddly enough, was a raincoat of the type often affected by the late Humphrey Bogart.

"Bayard Ashcroft, Harvard '14," I said brightly. "Bound for the Delaware Water Gap, by any chance?"

She looked at me strangely. "Not if I can help it," she said. "I'm opening tonight in Elmira."

"Oh," I said, "you are an actress?"

She shook her head. Just then the attendant approached and said politely, "May I serve you folks?"

"Why, yes," I said, turning to my neighbor. "Shall we say Sanka for two?"

"You say it," she said. "I'll say Grand Dad. Twice."

"One Sanka," said the attendant. "One double Old Grand Dad bourbon whiskey. Yes, indeed."

I glanced at my watch. It was just 10:15 a.m., our departure time. Even as I looked at the watch *The Phoebe Snow* began to move, gliding noiselessly out of the yards. I jumped as I felt a hand laid heavily on my arm.

"Here," said my neighbor. "My card."

"Oh, thank you," I said. I looked at the card. It read, "Bonnie Mae Feathers. Palmist. Available for nightclubs and private conferences. Special rates to Elks, Odd Fellows, Red Men and other bona fide fraternal organizations."

"You read palms?" I exclaimed. "In nightclubs?"

She closed her eyes and nodded. "Gave me your hand," she said. She studied the palm and frowned.

"Hm," she said, "man of action. Athletic type. World traveler. Lover of natural scenic wonders, water gaps and so forth. A Harvard man."

"Great Scott," I exclaimed, "does Harvard show on my palm?"

"Definitely," she replied. "You see the vindictive effect here on the lower third of the lifeline?"

"Yes, yes?"

"Definitely ivy," she said. "I've seen it often, playing the nightspots of Washington, D.C."

I was aghast. "What else," I said, "what else shows?"

She studied my palm intently, finishing off her whiskey and signaling the attendant for a refill.

"This line cutting across the lifeline at the point of ivy," she said. "I don't know if I should tell you this or not."

"Please do," I said. "Please do."

"All right," she said. "You asked for it. Harvard, you are quite a ladies' man."

I was horribly embarrassed, Phipps. I sought to make a joke of it.

"Oh, perhaps in my day," I said archly.

"Your day," said the Feathers person, "is not yet over. There is a definite Don Juan twirl here late in the lifeline."

I snatched my hand away. I simply had to get out of there, Phipps. I jumped

up and said, "Must get back to my roomette. I'm on a government mission and must study some papers."

"O.K.," said the Feathers woman. "That will be \$10."

"Ten dollars?" I cried. "What for?"

"I just read your palm, Harvard," she said coolly. "You know I was a professional palmist. I gave you my card. Want me to take this up with the conductor?"

"No, no," I cried. I reached for my billfold and drew out a \$10 bill. As I started away, she called after me, "Don't forget the check, Harvard!"

I paid the attendant and hurried back to my car. I tried to console myself with the thought that an inauspicious beginning of a trip frequently means a happy ending. Things began to improve almost at once. On my way to my roomette, I passed a bedroom in which the conductor was seated. He was not yet busy with his reports and invited me to sit down. I asked him if I would get a good view of the Water Gap from the vantage point of roomette No. 11, and he said I would, although the view would be even better from the observation car. I said I disliked observation cars and preferred to remain in my roomette.

We began to chat, and I learned some interesting things about *The Phoebe Snow*. *Phoebe Snow* was not, as I had been thinking all along, a Revolutionary War heroine. I had her confused with Molly Pitcher, Phipps, who brought pitchers of water to the wounded at the Battle of Monmouth, New Jersey. *Phoebe Snow*, my conductor friend informed me, was invented by an advertising man back at the turn of the century when the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad (as it was then known) burned dust-free anthracite coal. *Phoebe Snow* was pictured as a girl wearing a white dress and hat which were never soiled by cinders. Verses were written about her. One that the conductor recited ran like this:

*Says Phoebe Snow about to go,
Upon a trip to Buffalo,
My gown stays white from morn till
night,
Upon the Road of Anthracite.*

My spirits lifted enormously. I determined to put the unscrupulous palmist, Bonnie Mae Feathers, out of my mind from then on. I thanked the conductor profusely and asked if he would

continued

be good enough to alert me in my roomette as we approached the Water Gap. He said he would. A very decent chap, just the sort one would expect to find in authority aboard *The Phoebe Snow*.

Back in my roomette, I began to think of the excitements that lay ahead. In addition to seeing the Delaware Water Gap for the first time—the big adventure—I was planning to do a bit of trout fishing. As you know, Phipps, my experience had been limited to bottom-fishing for scup in Buzzards Bay as a boy. But I rather thought I would be a match for the trout (rainbows and browns were plentiful in the Pocono Mountain streams, Lodge said) and, although I had no fishing "gear" with me, I knew a telephone call to Abercrombie & Fitch in New York would take care of that. Abercrombie's, I was sure, would dispatch a courier, if necessary, with all the equipment I would need.

It was a pleasant prospect, but of more immediate concern was my first glimpse of the Water Gap. I began to go over my notes. Did you know, Phipps, that the Water Gap was once one of the great summer resorts of the nation? It had great hotels and attracted thousands upon thousands of visitors from New York, Philadelphia, indeed from Boston itself. Among the notables who spent summers there—or at least visited the Gap—were John D. Rockefeller, the elder; Walter Hagen, the great profes-

sional golfer; John Philip Sousa, the famous bandmaster; and President Teddy Roosevelt, who, upon first viewing the Gap, exclaimed, "Bully!"

I checked over the notes I had copied out of Volume DAMASCU to EDUC of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. I read with even greater excitement than I had at home: "On the New Jersey side of the [Delaware] river is Mt. Tammany (about 1,600 ft.), a cliff of which has been weather-carved into the profile of an Indian, once so common to this section. On the Pennsylvania side Mt. Minsi rises approximately 1,500 ft. The river elevation is about 300 ft. The gap, some two miles long, is the result of erosion by a river which once flowed northward, acting along a line of faulting at right angles to the strike of the tilted rock formations. The river's present course is thought to be young geologically, and the gap exposes Ordovician, Silurian and Devonian strata."

It was heady stuff, and I felt my heart pounding. I stared out the window for some time, scarcely noticing our stop at Blairstown, N.J., where the vista broadens into a thrilling panorama of valleys and mountains. Then I was startled out of my reverie by the conductor, who came to the door of my roomette and said, "Coming up soon now."

"The Gap?"

"That's right," said the conductor. "I'll stand by here so you don't miss the first look at it."

I glued my face to the glass like a street urchin pressing against a candy-store window.

The Phoebe Snow rounded a long curve, and far ahead I could see our diesel locomotive. Then the tracks straightened, curved again and suddenly, there in the far distance, I could see quite clearly a definite break in the mountain range. How can I describe it, Phipps! The unbroken mountain range and then suddenly the effect of—how shall I say it?—the effect of a huge bite taken out of the range, leaving absolutely nothing against the bright blue sky except my very dream come true—the Gap!

"You see it?" said the conductor.

I nodded, unable to speak for a moment. Then I said, "Sir, do I understand correctly that we actually go through the gorge, that is to say, the Gap?"

"Right smack through her," he said. "And in a few minutes now. Brother,

this means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

I looked at him. I am afraid, Phipps, that my eyes had grown misty. "At this moment, sir," I said, with the deepest emotion I have felt since that day in June 1914 when my diploma from Harvard was placed in my hands, "at this moment, sir, I am thinking of what this means to our President, L.B.J."

The conductor looked at me oddly. "I don't get it," he said. "Never mind. We're heading into the Gap."

Phipps, all that I had read, all that I had dreamed over the years had not prepared me for the magnificent spectacle. The sides of the gorge towered above us. I was literally breathless for an instant or so. Then, making out the various age-old strata on the sides of the gorge, I jumped to my feet and shouted: "Ordovician! Devonian! Silurian! God bless the President of the United States! See America First!"

I fell back, completely drained. I beg you to believe, Phipps, that I was so emotionally wrought up that I have no clear recollection of leaving *The Phoebe Snow* at East Stroudsburg. My next memory is of sitting at a writing desk in Room 333 of the Penn-Stroud Hotel in Stroudsburg. I held a pen in my hand and was staring at a sheet of Penn-Stroud stationery. Then—as if my hand were being guided by some force outside myself—I found myself writing firmly as follows:

The White House,
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue NW,
Washington, D.C.,
ZIP 20501

Gentlemen:

I was so moved by the President's appeal that I have come here to Stroudsburg, Pa. to see—for the first time—one of nature's great wonders, namely the Delaware Water Gap. It is truly a magnificent sight, and I am most grateful to the President for suggesting that we "See America First." You may be interested to know that the D. W. Gap is but two hours from Hoboken, N.J. via the crack train of the Erie Lackawanna Railroad, namely, *The Phoebe Snow*.
Postcard of D. W. Gap enclosed.

I hurried down the stairs and posted the letter in the box outside the hotel. I can't tell you the feeling it gave me, Phipps, to send this tangible evidence of

continued



SHOCKING SCENE ON "THE PHEBE SNOW"



Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL INVESTMENT ON THE HIGHWAY!

From any standpoint, Cadillac is surely the finest automotive investment of them all. The cost of a new Cadillac is surprisingly modest in view of all it returns in performance, comfort and pleasure. Its extraordinary quality makes it unusually economical to operate and maintain. And it traditionally returns a higher percentage of its cost at resale than any other car built in the land. No wonder so many owners call Cadillac—new or used—the most beautiful investment on the highway. You will too—after your authorized Cadillac dealer gives you all the facts. He is the man to trust most with your motoring future.

Standard of the World



Cadillac



Sprite goes Latin in "The Ca-rum-ba!" A heave new drink at home in the tropics or the suburbs. Just splash a little Sprite over a Caribbean rum, add a little fruit, and serve in a pineapple. Aye, aye, aye. North America, take it away!



Sprite is tart. Naturally tart for adult tastes. Alive! Yet subtle. And not so sweet.



support for an L.B.J. program off to the White House. I did not presume to think it would come to L.B.J.'s personal attention but, on the other hand, if he were unable to sleep some night (and I am sure that gallant man is no stranger to insomnia) he might just possibly come down to his office and glance idly through the day's mail. By some chance, I liked to think, my letter might catch his attention—or at least the picture postcard of the Gap would. At any rate, I felt a real sense of "involvement" in public affairs.

Now I had an opportunity to take in Stroudsburg. From a visit to the public library I learned that a blockhouse known as Fort Penn had been built on the site of the town by one Jacob Stroud back in Revolutionary days. Strolling down Main Street, I came upon another interesting historical note. Stroudsburg is the birthplace of the J. J. Newberry variety stores, now nationwide.

Then, as I looked in the window of a sporting goods store, my thoughts turned to trout fishing once more. The window was filled with rods, reels, flies, waders, crocks, fishing vests and hats, etc. Suddenly I heard a voice at my elbow.

"Aiming to go for trout?"

I turned, Phipps, and beheld a heavily bearded "codger" of the sort one visualizes in reading about "quaint characters" in *Reader's Digest*.

"Why, yes," I said. I put out my hand and gave him my name and class.

"Nate Martin here," said the old fellow. "Maybe I can help you. I'm a fishing guide."

I felt this meeting to be a great stroke of luck. Phipps.

"Well, Nate," I said heartily, "you may be just the man for me. I was looking at this—gear, I believe it is called—and I was about to go back to the hotel and telephone Abercrombie's in New York and have them rush me down the things I'll need."

"You don't need to call no New York store," said Nate. "You can get anything you want right here on Main Street. And with me guiding you, I'll venture to say I can save you a peek of money."

Well, Phipps, Nate Martin insisted that we shop around the various sporting goods, hardware and Army-Navy stores on Main Street and then drop in at Newberry's basement. We ended up by buying something at each place,

continued

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MISSION FOR L.B.J., continued

and Nate Martin did indeed save me money. For instance, one Main Street store wanted \$14.95 for waders. Nate got them in Newberry's basement for \$4.95.

The next day Nate Martin called for me in his car (a Pope-Hartford, if you can imagine, Phupps), and we drove to Stokes Mill on Broadhead Creek, a tributary of the Delaware, which, in turn, empties into Delaware Bay. There were literally hundreds of fishermen on hand. I waded out into the stream behind Nate, and soon it was apparent to him that he had a novice in tow. I made a complete mess of my attempts to cast my line. After a bit Nate suggested that I jump from one boulder to another and try another spot. Now, I do not like to say this, but I could swear that the Martin fellow tripped me as I jumped. At any rate, I fell into the creek, and as the swiftly rushing waters closed over me, I thought for an instant that I was a "goner." Interestingly enough, Phupps, one's whole life does not flash through one's mind at such a time. What flashed before me was a big black newspaper headline reading, HAYARD ASHROB, HARVARD '74, FOUND FLOATING IN DELAWARE WATER GAP. But the vision quickly faded away as I felt Martin's strong hand pulling me out of the water and up to my feet.

I had "had it," Phupps. I asked Martin to drive me to the Penn-Stroud at once. In the lobby—I was still dripping wet—he presented his bill. I was so anxious to be rid of him that I asked Lester Smith, the desk clerk, to pay him and charge it to my account. As I started upstairs, Mr. Smith called after me, "What about this item, '\$100 miscellaneous'?"

Still dripping, I turned back to Nate Martin. "What in the world is *that* for?" I demanded.

"Saving your life," said Nate Martin, coolly.

"Well!" I said, bitterly sarcastic. "Most reasonable. I must say!"

"It's what I usually get," said Nate.

Well, Phupps, I had to chuckle when I had recovered and was standing on the station platform at East Stroudsburg, waiting for the Hoboken-bound *Phoebe Snow*. I had been "fair game" for old Nate, and he had given me an adventure I won't soon forget.

I had looked forward to enjoying *The Phoebe Snow's* observation car on

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the trip back to Hoboken, but as I entered the car whom do you suppose I sped? Bunnie Mae Feathers, the palm reader, returning from Elmira! She was reading the palm of a fat man, who suddenly burst out laughing and gave Bunnie Mae a nudge with his elbow. I rather suspect she had just told him about the Don Juan swirl tale in his lifeline.

I went back to my roomette, and soon *The Phoebe Snow* was gliding through the Delaware Water Gap again. It was brilliantly beautiful in the bright afternoon sunshine. I stood in attention, Phipps, and as we passed through the gorge, directly below the exposed Ordovician, Devonian and Silurian strata. I turned in what I judged to be the direction of the L.B.J. ranch in Texas. Then, saluting smartly, I said in a crisp, military tone of voice: "Mission accomplished, sir!"

As ever, your friend,

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P.S. Astounding news, Phipps! Just now the postman brought our mail, and in it was an envelope bearing the simple inscription, "The White House." Just that, no ZIP number, nothing else.

My hands trembling, I opened the envelope as carefully as I could. The letter was notepaper size. At the top of the page was imprinted again, "The White House, Washington." I shall give you the full text, Phipps, begging you to remember that you must regard it as top secret, not to be shown to anyone, not even your mother. The full text.

Thank you very much for letting us have your vote in favor of "Securing America First."

I am glad that you did take the trip to Stroudsburg and even more pleased that you sent us a picture postcard of the Delaware Water Gap. I have never seen this beautiful stretch of the Delaware River, but you have inspired me to try to take the trip.

Sincerely,

(Signed) George E. Reedy
Press Secretary
to the President

Truly, Phipps, one's cup runneth over!

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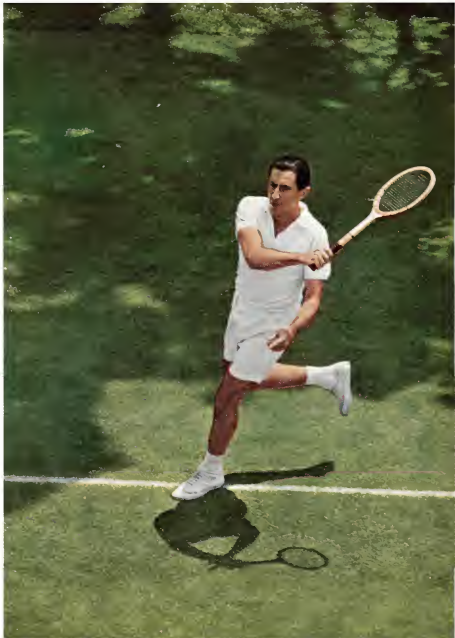


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Slamming a forehand—or a single—requires a shift of weight, pivot and follow-through.







On another stage, this running forehand volley would be a windup to bowling a strike

The player racing back to retrieve a lob is, for the moment, Del Shofner reaching for a pass.

Framed by the boundaries of their arena, two players approach the net for a duel that will be won, not by force, but by cunning.



Seen through another eye, the fighters have left their corners, and now they stalk one another, each ready to land the first blow.





Stretching out for this backhand, the player could be taking a throw from the shortstop

On a basketball court, the leaping overhead is transposed into an effective jump shot.





HOW TO SERVE AND WIN

If you have the ability to throw a ball and the patience to practice, you can learn how to hit the most important stroke in tennis. Learn to hit it well and you are going to be hard to beat

BY BILL TALBERT

There is no question that the serve is the most important stroke in tennis. It is the only shot in the game that is not a return of a shot hit by your opponent. As you stand at the baseline ready to serve, you are in complete control of the point, and how well you hit that serve will determine, to a large extent, how the point will go.

Some players have won major championships solely on the strength of their service. A five-star example is Bob Falkenburg, who won the Wimbledon singles title in 1948. Bob's game had obvious weaknesses, but his serve was so overwhelming he rarely lost it. It was a tremendous psychological weapon, too. I know I spent a lot of sleepless hours wondering how to return that immensely powerful delivery that skidded so fast on grass.

I will now proceed to show you how to serve just like Bob Falkenburg, so that you, too, can win the Wimbledon singles title. Dream on. What I do hope to show you, whether you are a beginner or a veteran, is how to develop an effective serve so that at least you can beat your favorite opponent.

Let's start with beginners. If you have never served before, I want you to concentrate on a simple, effortless swing, putting the ball into play with a flat serve. I should mention right here that in topflight tournament tennis there is no such thing as a completely flat serve.

All serves, including the so-called cannonball, are hit with at least some spin on the ball for control. Even Pancho Gonzalez, who hits the hardest serve in the game, puts a bit of spin on his big serve. If Pancho doesn't hit a completely flat serve, why should you, a beginner? Because, unlike Gonzalez, you won't be hitting the ball hard enough to have a control problem, and until you have learned the fundamental serving motion I don't want you fooling around with spins.

For the flat serve, use the eastern forehand grip, which

you assume by taking the throat of the racket in your left hand and shaking hands with the handle with your right. (This is a right-handed world, and left-handers, as usual, will have to adjust accordingly.) This grip allows you to hit the ball easily with a forward motion of the arm, getting the full face of the racket into the ball.

Taking your stance at the baseline, you should position yourself about two feet to the left or right of the center mark, depending on which court you are serving to. Your left foot should be slightly behind the baseline and at a 45° angle to it. Your right foot should be perhaps a foot and a half behind the left and almost parallel to the baseline. Above all, you should feel comfortable.

Now you are ready to toss the ball into the air, an important step. Ideally, it would be best to hang the ball from a skyhook and suspend it at the proper height—as high as you can reach with your racket above your head. Skyhooks being illegal in tennis, you have to toss the ball up there. To insure accuracy, keep the left elbow close to the body, the left forearm parallel to the ground. Hold the ball lightly in the fingertips, palm up, and, in a smooth motion, raise your arm and release the ball. Do not make the mistake some people do and release the ball at shoulder level, and do not let go of it abruptly as if the ball were on fire. There's no hurry.

The toss itself should be just high enough to reach the hitting zone, which is where the racket is when you extend your arm overhead. You want to hit the ball at that precise moment between its rise and fall when it is not moving. If you toss the ball too high—and this is a common error—it will be descending rapidly when you attempt to hit it, presenting you with an additional timing problem. If you do not toss the ball high enough, you will lose that desirable combination of leverage and angle that enables you to hit the service hard across the net yet down into

continued



To assume the grip for the flat serve, shake hands with the racket handle

Practicing what he preaches, Bill Talbert, former Davis Cup star and doubles champion, serves in multicolored splendor.



HOW TO SERVE *continued*

the service court. The higher your racket makes contact with the ball, the more service-court area you have for a target.

So much for height. What about direction? The toss should be about an arm's length in front of you, that is, toward the net. You want to hit the ball as your body is moving toward the net in order to get more power behind your serve. If your toss goes up directly overhead, you will have to lean back to hit the ball, if you can hit the ball.

If you have always had trouble controlling the ball when you toss it, try holding only one ball when you serve. You are allowed two serves in tennis, but there is no rule that says you must hold both balls at the same time. If your hand is small, put the second ball in your pocket. Women who wear tennis dresses can sew on a pocket and start a new fashion.

Another thought: if you do make a poor toss, one that promises to land five feet behind you, let the ball drop. You don't have to hit every ball you toss. Granted, it is not etiquette to make five tosses for every serve, but once in a while it is all right.

Now we come to the business end of the serve, the actual swing. Essentially, the service stroke is a throwing motion. The difference between Willie Mays throwing to the plate and Pancho Gonzales serving an ace is very slight. Pretend your racket is a ball and "throw" it a few times. That's the motion of the serve. What you are doing when you serve is throwing your racket across the net. If, when you hit a

serve, you let go of your racket, it should land in the general area of your opponent's service court.

The movements of your tossing arm (the left) and your serving arm (the right) should be carefully coordinated. Taking your stance, you should keep your weight evenly balanced. Hold the racket in front of you in your right hand, the ball in your left, touching or at least near the strings of your racket. As you begin, shift your weight to your rear foot and bring your racket back, exactly as you bring your arm back when you start to throw. Make your toss as your racket comes around, shift your weight forward and, keeping your eye on the ball, hit it with the middle of the strings, sending it into the service court. If, by any chance, the ball goes into the net, try again, aiming a little higher. But do not worry at first where the ball lands. The important thing is developing the motion—a simple, fluid motion—and the timing. Control will come with practice. And that is the nice thing about serving. You can practice it without need of opponent or backboard. If you have a date to play at 2 o'clock, show up at 1:45 and, if the court is empty, practice your serve.

Just as a pitcher needs more than a fast ball to be effective, you should add some variety to your service once you have learned to control the flat serve. Repeat: when you have learned to control the flat serve, a pitcher has to throw strikes, and you have to put the ball into play. Unless you can do that, there is no game.



To put a spin on your serve, imagine the ball as a clock. Hit at the 3 for the slice, the 10 or 11 for the twist and just to the right of dead center for the cannonball.

For proper stance (far left), put left foot at 45° angle to baseline, right foot about 18 inches behind it and parallel to line. The time to hit the ball is when it is suspended in air as if tied to a string (left). The basic serving motion (right) is, essentially, little different from the throwing motion.



To put spin on your serve, use the backhand grip. Assume your normal forehand grip and move your hand an eighth of a turn to the left: instant backhand grip. This will make it easier for your wrist to snap the racket across the face of the ball.

The stance and toss are the same as before, but the motion of the racket is now part forward and part sideways. Whereas you hit the ball solidly before, you are now going to slice across it. Imagine the ball as the face of a clock. When you hit the flat serve, you hit dead center, the spot where the two hands of a clock are joined. Now, to put a spin on your serve, you bring the racket across the face of the ball and hit slightly to the right of center. This will send the ball into the court with a slight right-to-left spinning movement. Of course, the first time you try it you may hit too much of the ball or not enough, and you may even hit the ball on the edge of the frame, a home run in any park. But, again, practice should iron out most of these flaws. In time you will find that you have more control over the spin than over a hard, straight serve.

Once you master the basic spin, a whole new world awaits you if you are willing to experiment and practice. You can hit your serve hard—your cannonball—and yet control it by hitting the ball just to the right of dead center. By tossing the ball slightly more to the right and—remember the face of the clock—hitting the ball at 3 o'clock, you can produce a truly wicked slice that goes screaming in low over the net.

You can also hit an American twist. Same grip, same stance. The toss, too, is essentially the same, except that you want the ball closer to you, almost directly overhead. You must arch your back, bring the racket farther behind your head and hit the ball where 10 or 11 o'clock would be. Again, as in the basic spin, your wrist does the work, for it is the snap of the wrist that puts the spin in motion. The action on the ball should make it clear the net by a safe margin and then drop sharply into the court. When it does, it should kick high to your opponent's left, his backhand side if he is right-handed and, unless your opponent is named Budge, this is a plus.

It is not enough just to put the ball into the court, of course. A service court is 13½ feet wide by 21 feet deep, and you should use as much of that area as you can. A serve to the back corner of the court is obviously going to be more difficult for your opponent to return than a serve that is down the middle and only medium deep. Sure, once in a while you can surprise an opponent by hitting the ball directly at him but, as with the strike zone in baseball, the corners are where you want to put the ball. When you practice serving, try placing a couple of empty ball cans in the corners of the service court and then see if you can knock them down. Having a target to aim at will increase your accuracy and relieve some of the drudgery of practice.

Try to get your first serve in, even if it means letting up on it a little. There are several reasons for this. When you

continued

hit a fault, it gives your opponent a lift, a little edge. He also will probably move up a bit for your second serve. Don't give him that lift or the better court position. Pop that first ball right in there and wear him out. Of course, you can't let up on your serve too much or you'll defeat your purpose. There's a third reason for putting in your first serve. Tennis has become a battle for the net, and to get yourself into volleying position you must start your forward motion the instant you hit your serve. If that first serve is a fault, you have wasted energy. In the course of three sets or so this extra movement can be taxing.

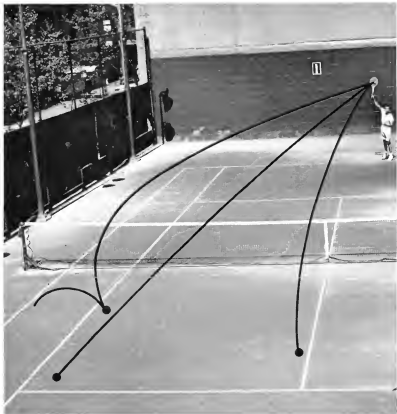
There are such things as beautiful days for tennis—not too warm or bright and no wind—but never when I play. Or so it seems. Whenever I go to serve, an Arabian sun is glaring down directly into my eyes. Sunglasses or a cap with

a visor helps, but usually I find the best solution is to adjust my toss ahead, behind or even slightly below the sun.

Fast court surfaces—grass, wood, cement—are a good server's delight. On these, the cannonball is tough to return, for the ball will skid rather than bounce. On slower surfaces—clay, asphalt, composition—don't knock yourself out trying for aces. Concentrate on accuracy.

Now you are on your own. How you serve—grip, stance, toss and swing—is largely an individual matter. I have drawn rough guidelines, but the rest is up to you. You must practice and, as you do, feel free to experiment. If your grip does not feel quite right, shift it a fraction. If your feet do not feel comfortable, move them. Be flexible. And most important of all during all this trial and error and practice, don't forget to have fun.

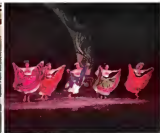
From their point of origin—the racket—the slice, cannonball and twist serves follow widely separate paths. The slice (right) crosses the net low, curving to the opponent's right. The cannonball (center) comes in faster and almost straight. The twist clears the net and, when hit close to the doubles alley, kicks left, forcing the opponent off court.



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Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

THE HIGHEST RANKING FAMILY IN TENNIS

Under the omnipresent eye of their father, Cliff and Nancy Richey, talented but often misunderstood, are united in their passion to become the best players in the world

BY FRANK DEFORD

The Richeys of Dallas are a family consumed by a single passion that binds them together and gives meaning to their lives. The passion is tennis, although it seems not to matter what it is—it could be music or politics or cocker spaniels—because the significant aspect is the extent of the family's commitment. It is natural enough that the dedication is to tennis, for George and Betty Richey are both teaching professionals and their children Nancy and Cliff are among the top amateur players in the world. But for the Richeys tennis has long been more than simply vocational, more than a game.

The Richeys' love for tennis and each other—they are a joyously happy family—is so overwhelming that it has both isolated and insulated them. "Often we don't realize that things we say or do strike other people as different," George Richey says. "We are so close and we live with such a common purpose that sometimes, why, we just forget how other people may look at us."

The family lives in an atmosphere of despotism, togetherness, believing in each other and especially in George, whose firm control is directed by an overriding concern for his children's success. Toward that end he will subjugate himself

completely, even if it means abandoning parental dignity and authority. When practicing with his father, Cliff—who is still in his teens—will snarl appallingly rude abuse: "Shut up and just hit me the ball!" Or: "Well, I don't want to quit, so stay there and hit me some more!" But George Richey takes it because he believes that Cliff must release his tensions in this way. "I do nothing but try to please him and give him what he wants," he told an old Houston friend a short time ago.

George and Betty travel almost everywhere in this country to see their children play but, though George Richey is a tough little man, he is afraid of airplanes and never has been in one. So the Richeys tour the country in their 1959 Cadillac, carting the kids from tournament to tournament. In the summer they take their vacation from the swank Brook Hollow Golf Club, where Richey is the tennis pro, and make a long circuit. "I guess we've never had a real vacation," Betty Richey says, as if the thought had occurred to her for the first time. "I mean, everywhere we go there is tennis, a tournament or something."

Anyway, there is always practice. Nancy and Cliff practice incessantly, hours every day, and they go at each other with-

out compassion. "We never play what Daddy calls 'giggle tennis,'" says Nancy. (Giggle tennis encompasses just about all tennis not played in the determined Richey manner.) The family has stopped the car on a whim to practice on a strange court. Nancy and Cliff have gotten off a plane and practiced at midnight. They have rallied long hours in the tropical madday sun when every other tour player was asleep or sunning. The two kids invariably practice before a match, and often they start hitting at dusk after both have played singles and doubles that day. "I need some grooving," Cliff will whine, and there go all the Richeys, changing clothes, picking up tennis paraphernalia, charging into action just like down at the firehouse. "Just that extra 15 to 20 minutes can make the difference," George Richey says, explaining it all. Then they will go home, or to whatever hotel they are staying at, and talk about tennis till it is time to go to sleep.

Many people consider the Richeys' attitude odd, but the Richeys are singularly proud of themselves and their accomplishments. They are straightforward, pragmatic people, firmly believing that discipline, competition and victory offer greater rewards than a more prosaic life. The results seem to bear them out.

continued

Nancy Richey, 22, has grown up to be an attractive woman, the best player of her sex in the U.S. and the fourth best in the world. Cliff Richey is 18 and still maturing, but already he is ranked 11th among U.S. men. Since these ratings were made, his performances indicate that he now should be listed no worse than fifth.

It has, of course, occurred to George Richey that someday his two children may both be ranked as the world's best, and it is a thought he relishes not only as a father. Being a teaching professional, he is just as proud of Nancy and Cliff as pupils as he is of them as children. Before Nancy and Cliff grew up, Richey's best pupil was Tui Bartzin, who was a

adores the game. It's his whole life. He is not in teaching for the money but because tennis means so much to him. His only interest is in helping my game. He will stay out as long as I want and do anything I want." That could be Cliff Richey talking now.

Undoubtedly, part of George Richey's fanatical interest in his pupils is the vicarious thrill he gets from their success. He is, of course, most dedicated to the life of his only son. "It's a good thing I came first or I never would have gotten any attention," Nancy says, joking, but the rest of the family, George included, agree she is not just kidding.

As a boy in San Angelo, George Richey was a boxer and an outstanding baseball prospect, good enough at 13 to pitch against 18-year-olds in American Legion ball. At 14, however, he injured his right elbow when he fell out of an automobile, and in a lengthy, complicated convalescence he took up tennis, the only unarmored sport he knew of. Even today the only thing George Richey does left-handed is play tennis.

Richey quickly became proficient enough in the sport to earn scholarships to two Texas colleges. After marriage, the war and a half-hearted attempt at chicken farming back in San Angelo, he became a tennis pro. In 1952 Richey was good enough to be the eighth-ranked professional in the country, but it was as high as he ever got. He still carries in his wallet a wire-service clipping, laminated in plastic, of those 1952 rankings.

As a teacher Richey can be a martinet, but he tempers his demands with the understanding that he is only interested in meeting you all the way—or not at all. "I never cared if Nancy and Cliff played tennis," he says, "but, if they wanted to, all I asked was that they really devote themselves to it."

The charges that Richey has driven his children unmercifully are, taken as a lot, patently foolish. Richey drives them, yes, he saturates them with this game and the importance of victory, but the children approve of his demanding methods. "As George says," Mrs. Richey explains, "If we pushed them too hard, well then, why did we get a \$400 phone bill in calls from them from Europe last summer?"

"They used to kid Cliff at school, always asking him why he didn't want to have any fun. He would just grit his teeth and try to explain. I remember how

wonderful I felt a couple of years ago when we were all driving back to Dallas after the Sugar Bowl tournament. Cliff had won a great big trophy—oh my, you should see it—and we were just driving along together when all of a sudden Cliff grabbed that trophy and hugged it and said: 'They talk about me not having any fun. Why, this is the greatest fun in the world. This is the kind of fun that lasts all year.' And we drove on like that, laughing. We all felt so wonderful. Can you understand?"

Cliff was batting a tennis ball around from the time he was old enough to walk, but George Richey was more inclined to laugh at the chubby kid's efforts than to pressure him into playing the game. Cliff actually gave up tennis when he was 8; he took it up again when he was about 12 upon discovering that his school tennis team took auto trips to matches. Cliff and Nancy's dedication has increased steadily in recent years—which is rarely the case with truly forced child athletes. For example, Nancy dates hardly at all now, while the earliest recollection many of the girls on the circuit have of her is seeing her show up at the junior tournaments with her steady's high school ring flapping from a chain around her neck.

Cliff used to go steady, too. "It was very heavy," Mrs. Richey says. "He brought her perfume from Paris." Ham Richardson, still the country's seventh-ranked player though he spends most of his time as a Dallas stockbroker, is Cliff's favorite and most formidable hometown opponent. Richardson tells this story: "Last year I was playing Cliff, and he was not concentrating, which is, of course, extremely unusual. I won two sets from him and offered to play him one more. This astonished him, because usually I am the one who quits first. He got very red and grimaced and said that he wasn't sure he could. Cliff didn't say so, but I know he had a date. Finally he mumbled something between his teeth, ran inside the club, called up and broke the date. 'I can't fool around with girls,' he told me. 'Girls are nothing but trouble for a guy.' I don't think he has had a date since then." (He has not.)

On the circuit Nancy and Cliff spend most of their time together. They keep strict training, up at 9, in bed by 11. In between there is practice and matches. Seldom indeed do they bother with social functions. Nancy is thus something



Whenever Nancy or Cliff plays, George is nearby, watching and worrying.

high-ranked U.S. player a few years ago. Richey discovered Bartzin in San Angelo, Texas when Bartzin, as a kid, would come down and watch for hours as Richey played. Richey admired the boy's interest, took him on and taught him everything he knew. Eight years ago, when he was at his peak, Bartzin said, "George Richey is a thoroughly fine person who

of an unknown quantity to her touring companions, and although she is never abrasive, the way Cliff can be, the other girls let her go her chosen way, playing and talking tennis with her brother.

She is petite, only 5 feet 3, with auburn hair, delicate skin and the intense look of her father. But there are three things that everybody says (in order) about Nancy Richey: she is sweet, she is domesticated and she will make somebody a good wife. And these are things that also describe her mother.

Betty Richey can be as frank as her husband, but she has tact and grace. She is a kind, sensitive woman and even those who dislike George Richey and his methods take pains to find fault with Betty only because of her choice of husband. When she moved from Electra, Texas to San Angelo Junior College, where she met her husband, she knew nothing of tennis. Today she is her husband's assistant, teaching beginners and helping to run the tennis shop at Brook Hollow. Despite their devotion to a sport, however, both Mrs. Richey and her daughter remain refreshingly feminine, content in the old southern style to be overshadowed by the men in the family. George Richey or Cliff will often interrupt either of the women, even when one of them is trying to explain something as personal as her emotions.

Not surprisingly, Nancy rarely creates any sort of public commotion. The one exception is her fondness for wearing shorts instead of a skirt when she is playing. Writing in *World Tennis* magazine last year about the Italian championships, Correspondent Gloria Butler suggested that mass Italian male apoplexy had been occasioned by Miss Richey's unfeminine apparel. "Nancy was a curiosity to the Italians," the article said. "They are very woman conscious and they just could not understand how such a pretty girl could ruin herself by wearing unbecoming clothes. The face is adorable, but she wears a floppy hat which hides it, a T-shirt and long Bermuda shorts which emphasize the wrong part of her anatomy."

It is true that Nancy's outfit is hardly what you would call beguiling, but it is functional and, as such, it is Nancy. It is also the Richeys. Mr. Richey himself designed and sells the hats ("mesh panels on the side of the crown for coolness and air circulation"), and Nancy gave up on the fetching little swishy skirts

for reasons even more utilitarian, she likes to keep the extra ball in her pocket and sometimes she has caught her racket in her skirt.

The rest of Nancy's court manner draws little attention, because her excellence is so mechanical. She appears to be a player constructed, a wind-up doll. While playing she is mute, a bundle of combative pugnacity. She speaks not at all to her opponent, no matter how well she may know the girl, and emits only unladylike grunts—"oomm"—nearly every time she hits a ball. She looks over at her parents less than Cliff does when he is playing, but her gaze is more painful and beseeching, as if she were trying to communicate on some new level. The other girls on the circuit believe that Nancy must have her father in attendance to play her best, and Nancy herself admits that she is happier now that Cliff is traveling with her. (Of his father's omnipresence Cliff says frankly: "Sometimes you realize that he is a crutch you don't need.")

On the court Nancy seldom ventures from the baseline, stroking the ball perfectly, boom, "oomm," again and again. Because her ground strokes are nearly flawless, she plays her best tennis on slow surfaces such as clay, where the stress is off the serve and volley. Having improved her volley and overhead, Nancy now comes to the net with more confidence and regularity. After four years of being ranked near the top, she attained the No. 1 U.S. ranking in 1964, and she is well on her way to retaining it for 1965.

To become the world's top woman player, however, Nancy must improve her performance on grass. She has never progressed beyond the quarter-finals at Wimbledon or the semis at Forest Hills, and you don't become No. 1 like that. But her all-round play has never been better than this year, and on clay and composition surfaces she has consistently beaten the three women ranked ahead of her: Maria Bueno (1-1), Margaret Smith (3-1) and Lesley Turner (3-1).

Nancy's climb to the top should be helped as attention works on those above her. Miss Bueno is 25 now and has been ill again this year (she was out of competitive tennis for a year with hepatitis). The two Australian girls are increasingly less interested in the pursuit of tennis balls. Nancy, however, loves the tennis life more than ever and is quite content to do Cliff's laundry while

continued



A floppy hat and shorts are two of Nancy's concessions to efficiency.

An explosive temper and bristling talent close to Cliff at the age of 18.



waiting for that somebody to be a good wife to.

"Nancy took every home economics course there was at Southern Methodist and then left," Mrs. Richey says. "She is very domesticated. She can cook, and she sews quite well. I wish Cliff would have some other interest. When he was a little boy he used to play the guitar, and we'd like to get him to do that again. Now he just has nothing but tennis."

"He's so intense that it's—well, it's scary. You ought to see his notebooks. It's no wonder he didn't do as well in school as he should have. Why, every page is just lists of players that he beat and their records."

Cliff is no longer in school, still lacking more than a year to graduate from Highland Park High, the suburban Dallas alma mater of Deak Walker and Bobby Layne. Cliff was taken out of school for the spring semester last year and then again this spring. But this time there are no real plans for him to go back, though there is idle talk of correspondence courses.

His quitting is something that obviously concerns Mrs. Richey, and she admits that this was one thing done in the name of tennis that bothered her. "But school was so difficult for him," she concedes. "We would pick Cliff up at school in the afternoon and get on the courts about 5 or so. Of course, we always had to wait until the members had gone. Then we would practice till about 7, when we would go home. I would cook the dinner while they all took showers. It was very easy for me to fix—a steak, potatoes, and I would make a salad. I asked George once if we shouldn't have something different, but they all said, 'Why change?'"

"By the time we finished dinner it would be 9:30 or so. That was when Cliff should study, but he just couldn't do it then, because he was so tired. My, for a long time he had some very bad tension headaches. Oh, I'd try to get him to study after dinner, but he'd be so tired then, and that's when he'd break all up and start crying."

At 18, Cliff remains something of a child. He has an unbecoming bitch haircut, and when he plays his short flaps right out and stays out. He is 5 feet 9, a bit taller than his father, and he has taken off about 15 pounds, down to 165, but he still gives the impression of chubbiness. It may be just his round, full

face and his big oval gray eyes that give this impression.

Cliff was ranked 11th among all men players in the country last December for his 1964 performance. Many people feel that he would have been included in the top 10 except for spite—that this was an unofficial censure in response to his temperamental actions, some of which have echoed around the world.

Cliff's explosions on the court are a side product of his competitive intensity. Like all members of his family, he has an extremely good sense of humor, but on the court there is no lightness. He is obsessed, determined not to be diverted from the single goal of victory. He plays with a look of studied agony, finding nothing entertaining about any aspect of the event. He appears, indeed, like an actor trying to look angry on orders. If a ball boy errs with just a slightly misdirected bounce, Cliff is likely to let the ball go by and glare menacingly at the youth. If, in the midst of a rally, an excited fan should prematurely applaud, Cliff—no matter who wins the point—will go out of his way to frown at the offending party. Similarly, he never forgets a line call. He has been rude to referees and opponents at the price of becoming unpopular with his fellow players and losing all favor with crowds, even in Dallas.

Sadly, Cliff's court posture is doing the family more harm than anything else. Other things may make the Richeys appear a bit eccentric, but Cliff's demeanor really inflames people. In his headlong rush toward victory Cliff has somehow equated courtesy with being sissy.

Fortunately, George Richey has cautioned Cliff about the folly of further frenetic disorders. Last year, when Cliff called home after a series of frightful episodes in Italy and England, his father instructed him that no matter how right he might be he was "to go about things more diplomatically." George's concern should now be to curb Cliff's constant pettiness and gracelessness on court. Some opponents think if this does not happen Cliff will become so keyed up that his game will disintegrate from a case of massive, uncontrollable jitters.

Cliff is so enveloped in tennis that many tour players believe he does nothing at night but go to his room and read his scrapbooks and tennis magazines. This is an exaggeration. *Maybe* this is an exaggeration. *Maybe* this

is not an exaggeration. Cliff is not only a tennis player, but a tennisophile. Most youngsters who memorize all the batting averages are scrawny kids who aren't good at sports. But Richey, the athlete, knows virtually every score of every match he has ever played and—with the important and semi-important matches—he also has total recall of point scores, key shots, bad calls, crowd noises, temperature, wind conditions, his father's reaction and other attendant information.

Cliff has been providing at least occasional stiff competition for top players since he was 15. Nancy, of course, used to beat him when he was younger. (As a matter of fact, when Nancy was 14 she beat every member of her father's Southwest Conference champion Rice University tennis team.) To stimulate competition, George Richey would announce that Nancy and Cliff were playing in the finals of some important tournament. He would name the imaginary site, and Nancy would make appropriate travel posters. Then she would beat Cliff, and he would promptly rage and cry and tear up all the posters. When he finally beat her, Nancy tore up all the posters.

Stubborn and cocky, Cliff has always been a more difficult tennis student than the amenable Nancy. It took months for George Richey to convince his son that he must eliminate the loop in his backhand but, characteristically, when Cliff finally agreed he went right out and hit 4,562,182 balls to improve it. Like his sister, his ground strokes are the strength of his game, but he has more court imagination and variety.

His deficiency is his serve—particularly the second one—which is neither tricky nor deep. One who does not agree with this widespread analysis, however, is Pancho Gonzalez. "A weak serve in comparison to what?" Gonzalez says. "Weak compared to Kramer? Weak compared to Gonzalez? Weak compared to who? It's the results that count."

Even those who are concerned about Cliff's serve are not losing sleep over it. They think that, if he must, he will just experiment with a million new serves until he finds a good one. Many of his critics also feel that he will become a better fellow on the court when he starts playing on the Davis Cup squad and becomes part of a team. A few years ago the USLTA worked out an infor-

mal arrangement that allowed Cliff to be a quasi member of the U.S. Junior Davis Cup team and still travel with his family. It proved to be an impossible arrangement and had to be dropped. Now Mr. Richey promises to stay out of things completely when Cliff is on the team.

Gonzalez thinks that Richey rates slightly behind Arthur Ashe in the battle for the second Davis Cup singles spot alongside Dennis Ralston. "Cliff can't rally with Ashe," Gonzalez says. "It takes a few more years for a player of Richey's size to cover the court smoothly and with command."

Cliff and Nancy are at Wimbledon

now—center stage, the shrine of tennis. They are hiding under their floppy hats, gritting their teeth, not smiling and not talking to prospective opponents—generally behaving like the gladiators they consider themselves. They are practicing all the time, consoling and helping each other, watching out for each other, cheering for each other and walking off the court with each other, because George Richey, for once, is not there. When George watches his children play, he is subdued and intent, holding his emotions under rigid control. Betty Richey is only slightly more animated. When something very exciting happens

that is good for Nancy or Cliff, she will suck her breath in and make a little noise, and clap quickly. Generally, the Richeys are good, devoted spectators, although sometimes George is so absorbed that he forgets to applaud when an opponent makes a winning shot.

When the children glance at him—stare at him—during a match, he returns the gaze and no more. He offers no encouragement or advice in the midst of a match because he knows there will be times when he will not be there, and he does not want his children to depend too much upon him.

When the match is over he moves quietly down to the side of the court to wait for his child to join him. Relaxing slowly, he will perhaps turn to accept congratulations, but mostly he just keeps standing there, arms akimbo, staring out at the court.

At times like this you think he must see himself out there, a right-handed George Richey putting on his sweater and picking up his rackets after a victory over *Parkey* or *Kovacs* or *Riggs* or others of that time who were better than he, maybe just because they never fell out of an automobile and had to play tennis left-handed. But that is over, and now George Richey has more than just a laminated clipping in his wallet. "There is a wonderful satisfaction in seeing something succeed that you developed yourself," he says, talking of that moment when he stands there waiting for his child who has won. "Look, if you were a great horse-racing fan and every year you went to the Kentucky Derby because you loved it, wouldn't you be even more interested if you had a couple of your own horses running?"

His child comes off the court and to him. This time it is Nancy. George Richey ushers her through the crowd, but sometimes he gets lost in it, so that he must drop behind, and many do not know that he is the father of this player, tagging along. Betty Richey, still in her seat, and Cliff, somewhere nearby, glance fondly at each other and then watch them as the other two go off. It is the same every time, they know. At the very first chance, past the press of the crowd, George Richey will reach out and put his arm about his child, and they will walk off that way, talking tennis. They have great love for each other, they have pride in their life, and they have won.

END



Another battle won, Nancy and her father leave together sharing the moment

PEOPLE

Seldom had it ever been so important for Father to win the fathers' race at a school sports day. Sixty-year-old Clive and 4-year-old Thurston Bannister, who had heard that the old man was a pretty good runner in his day, were anxiously waiting the outcome. So were the other chaps at the Wetherby School to whom Clive and Thurston had boasted. All was hushed expectancy as an assortment of fathers in ties, suspenders, belts, vests and cordovan shoes went to their marks. Consternation! A blue-suspendered dark horse was leading the waistcoated doctor. Only in the last few strides did **Roger Bannister** (below) scramble ahead of the puffing pot to earn his trophy for the 80-yard race, an extra testicle presented by the headmaster. As Bannister once said, in the really big race the great athlete "taps a source of mental power within, enabling him to take more out of himself than he knew he possessed." Or, as he put it more simply this time, "My boys would have been disappointed if I had lost."

Someone made the mistake of asking the optometrist's assistant, still dressed in her nurse's uniform and about to drive home from work, how she liked her new car. Her new car, parenthetically, is a \$5,308 dark green—no, not a Thunderbird—Corvette Sting Ray with

removable hardtop, special wooden steering wheel, air-conditioning, power windows, four-speed transmission and a souped-up 350 horsepower. **Luci Haines Johnson** smiled at the question. "How would you like it?" she said as off she flew.

"Never marry an athlete," Mrs. Bruce Hale kept telling pretty 19-year-old daughter Pam, but she had to say it with a smile. Mrs. Hale herself is the wife of the University of Miami basketball coach. Naturally, Pam ignored the advice, not the smile, and the groom at the wedding was **Rick Barry**, Daddy's All-America forward. There were TV cameras in attendance, the top tier of the wedding cake was shaped like a basketball, and somebody even wanted to have the invitations printed up in the form of game announcements. Pam blew the whistle on the last suggestion. "I wanted a traditional wedding," she sighed mock-forcibly. "I should have gotten an idea what it would be like back in December when my engagement was announced on the sports page."

Marlon Brando keeps himself in condition by running—and by dodging snakes. "I live in the Hollywood hills," the high-living actor explains, "and I've discovered lots of old paths that lead far into the mountains. I've

been exploring them lately, running at a trot. The area is alive with rattlesnakes, sidewinders, deer, bobcats, owls and all sorts of things. The rattlesnakes you can hear, but you've really got to watch out for those sidewinders. I wear boots on my running hikes, and I take my Saint Bernard and mastiff along for protection."

Cassius Clay's next fight will be with a more formidable opponent: his wife. Cassius is suing for annulment on the ground that she falsely promised to become a Black Muslim, but pretty Sonji Clay does not intend to succumb in one. "I will fight to keep my husband," she says. "I just want to be his wife, and I won't let them take him away from me just like that. I've tried to accept this religion, but it's very hard to change to the way they want me to be." Giving up tobacco, liquor and pork wasn't so bad, Sonji elaborated, but those floor-length white dresses were too much. "I'm normal like other women," she said. "I don't like to wear that stuff."

You've heard of hunch betters. Well, **Bing Crosby** is a hunch buyer. Bing's wife, Kathy, was appearing in summer stock at a theater on a street named Meadows Drive. Running in the Irish Sweeps Derby was a horse by the name of Meadow Court. That was good enough for Crosby. The night before the race, he purchased a one-third share in the animal and, sure enough, the next day Meadow Court came home, earning a \$155,820 purse. Said Crosby: "Wait until Hope finds out."

A. J. Foyt, who hasn't finished a race on a cement track since last July 18, isn't taking any chances on his next start: he's following the advice of a friendly astrologer. "A lady astrologer told me to expect some trouble," says Foyt. "She said I'd have hard luck until late July or August and warned me to check all the parts of my race car. Of

course I don't believe in astrology or things like that. But I've always believed in checking out the equipment."

Being a small minority is terrible, and nowhere is it more so than in the House of Representatives. The 10 female Representatives know this and were not much surprised when they got a little corner near the underground garage in the new House Office Building as a gymnasium, quite in contrast to the magnificent men's gym. They do wish that what they have would work, though. Their two electric steam baths, for example, while no match for the men's sauna baths and shock sprays, would be nicer if there were outlets to plug them into. The lone ping-pong table doesn't rival the men's three lavish paddle-ball courts, but it might if the paddles and balls weren't locked up in an apparently keyless cabinet.

While **Leonore Sullivan** (D., Mo.) used the first working equipment she could find (below), **Martha Griffiths** (D., Mich.) related the outcome of the women's long, hard battle to use the Rayburn swimming pool. Congressmen finally gave grudging consent to admission from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m. on Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays. And when one early-rising woman appeared at the pool at 8 a.m., the door was locked.





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The black cats are stalking the Redbirds

Deserted by the luck that kept them free of injuries last season, the St. Louis Cardinals find themselves marginally bad enough to lose, just as they were marginally good enough to be World Champions in 1964

It is a matter of videotape record that General Manager Bob Howsam sat with a Cheshire-cat grin last October 16 while Field Manager Johnny Keane was telling Owner Gussie Busch what he could do with his St. Louis Cardinals. "You have a young club," Keane said. "It's fast, and it's good." And Busch could have it. Howsam grinned.

The Cardinals, who had just beaten the New York Yankees for baseball's world championship, had been put together by former General Manager Bing Devine, who was unable to attend the ceremony in the Anheuser-Busch brewery because of an invitation two months earlier by the beer baron to get lost. Devine, that same October day in St. Louis, pos-

sibly by coincidence, had been named baseball's Executive of the Year by *The Sporting News*. But, "no," Busch said thoughtfully, when asked if he'd like to live the year over, "I wouldn't have done a thing different." At his side, Howsam grinned on.

Such a cheery reaction to the somber doings of the day seemed out of place at the time—though by nature Howsam is a cheery man. Certainly the Cardinal players, flushed with victory and eager for its spoils, were cheerful. The patois of baseball is extravagant: if an event is probable, it's "got to" be; if it is unlikely, there's "no way" it can happen. The salary raises had to be good; there was no way there could be a winter of discontent. And—especially in view of the little-boy enthusiasms they had seen in Gussie Busch during that final, wonderful week of the season—you better believe it, baby.

But somehow Busch's Bavarian *Gemütlichkeit* didn't filter down even one echelon. "Man, he [Howsam] was hard with those contracts," one of the champions said. "He talked to us as if we were a seventh-place club." The champion said that this season—last week, in fact—when the Cardinals were a seventh-place club. They had to be better hitters than their .250 team average, and there was no way the opposition could keep clobbering pitchers that weren't "that bad." But there they were, a game further behind than they had ever been in 1964 and figuring to remain seventh—at best—for at least another week.

Unless, of course, the sixth-place Phillies came charging backward at them as they did last September, when the Phils yielded 7½ games in the standings in seven days. During their surge to the pennant, the Cards won eight straight, by an average score of 5-2, not really outclassing anyone, any more than anyone has really outclassed them this year. Last season they were marginally good enough and lucky enough to win, this season they

have been marginally bad enough and unlucky enough to lose. "The black cats have got them," it was sympathetically suggested by Milwaukee Brave Coach Ken Silvestri. After his first week as a Cardinal, Hal Woodeshick wondered if they weren't truly "snakebit," inasmuch as his luck had been better in the presumably depressed area of the Houston Astrodome. Maybe, but while time has made a cliché of Branch Rickey's aphorism, it has not diluted its universality: luck is still the residue of design.

Devine inspiration (a pun whose coin-er shall remain nameless lest he become jobless) might have made two truths self-evident to the St. Louis management last winter. One was that their champions had staggered home with a distinctly unimpressive winning percentage of .574, the second lowest in the history of big-league baseball. The other was that in 1964 they had enjoyed a season singularly unaffected by disabling injury.

"There's the story," Center Fielder Curt Flood said last week, as he lay prone on the rubbing table while Trainer Bob Bauman knecaded the agonized knot of muscle on the back of Flood's right leg. Flood, the most indispensable Cardinal because he catches just about everything that stays inside the ball park and makes 200 hits a year when he is healthy, was pointing to the at bats recorded by the champions of 1964. Five regulars had 628 at bats or more, meaning they were never marked absent, and a sixth had 535, meaning he didn't miss much. "And look at Timmy McCarver," Flood said. "He was in 143 games. That's a tremendous number of games for a catcher." Starting pitchers Bob Gibson, Curt Simmons and Ray Sadecki averaged 250 innings of work; that is not unheard of, but only two other teams in the majors (one was the Yankees) had triumphed as steady and durable.

By the end of June this year nothing but their pride was hurting the Cardinal pitchers, but every regular except Dick



DOWNCAST Bob Gibson (crouched by Dick Groat, right) won eight, then lost six.

Groat had logged more sick-bay time than in all of 1964. Julian Javier, whose virtuosity at second base had caulked the defense, was gone for two months or more with a broken hand. Manager Red Schoendienst worked patiently with the spare parts that had gone untried last year, and they didn't fit. Phil Gagliano began to hit like a big-leaguer but made nobody forget Javier. Jerry Buchek, a batter with an inadequate bat, showed Schoendienst more at shortstop than at second base. "But you can't win without Groat," Red concluded, though Groat, not even a Buchek in the field, was not looking much like a Groat with the bat. Mike Shannon tried hard filling in for Flood in center, but he is not close to Flood as a fielder, and the pitches he was chasing at the plate were no better than the bridge hands he was drawing on the team plane.

Bob Gibson, the World Series hero, whose eight straight wins gave the Cardinals a semblance of respectability in April and May, lost his next six. Every time Lou Brock started to hit at something like the pennant-winning .348 he had the second half of last season, somebody hit him with a pitch. A positive-thinking man, Brock found two causes for optimism. One was the fact that the last pitcher who hit him, Frank Carlin, of the Pirates, didn't throw as hard as Ryne Duren of the Phils and Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers, who between them had mashed a muscle in his back. The second sign that things were looking up for Brock was the airline's swift recovery of his wallet after he lost it on the way to Cincinnati. But that night he hit the ball on the nose four times yet went 0 for 9 as the Cards lost 5-4 and 4-2. Just one hit, in any of several places, could have won either game.

The next day, during the interminable lobby-sitting that occupies the void between night games, the voice of the loser was heard in the Netherlands Hilton. "What the hell," somebody said, "how many games have we played?" Somebody else couldn't see no way the Dodgers could stay up there all year, and still another found solace in the fact that the Cards had 96 games to go. Losing players of no special dexterity on the field almost invariably have the logical agility in the lobby to propound that a game in September counts more than a game in May, and there is no point in trying to convince them that 1 = 1. The only thing different about 1965 is that the country was begun by the Yankees.

continued



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"It's a natural tendency," said Curt Simmons, who came to the big leagues 18 years ago, "that when a team goes bad the hitters talk about the pitchers, and the pitchers say the plays aren't getting made. What you ought to do is say to yourself, 'I'm a pitcher. That's the only thing I can do.' Then you might get something done." That night Simmons said something to himself on the mound after Brock missed a leaping catch near the fence in right, and Simmons was undone. Brock had saved two runs with a similar play in Milwaukee a few nights earlier, but the tendency toward constructive criticism is natural.

The importance of morale to professional athletes can be overrated simply because they're professional. "This club won't give up," Bill White said, "because this is all we do for a living. I have a little radio show, and some of the other guys have outside interests. But it isn't like New York, where you get paid for walking in some place and waving to the people. Baseball is a means to an end, and it's the only means we have."

The affluent Cards' fiscal indignation had been assuaged last winter when the management ultimately agreed to pay most of them in the manner to which they wanted to become accustomed. ("I guess Gusse gave Howsam the word," a player said.) And, contrary to popular opinion, they were not devastated by the loss of Johnny Keane, however pragmatic or principled his reasons for leaving. They like Schoendienst, who so far has practiced what he preaches: "You got to have a hard belly for this game."

The players sympathize with Schoendienst for the supersupervision he gets, or they think he gets, from upstairs. Red has no such complaint, but he has a hard enough belly to ingest one hard fact: "Every club in the league has improved itself; we haven't."

The Cards did not stand pat completely. They traded Roger Craig for Bob Purkey, which may or may not have been a good idea, and they got Tracy Stallard from the Mets. Between home-run balls Stallard has been helpful, despite his faint-praise damnation in the Cards' literature as "one of the better pitchers in the National League."

So they drew only two Cards, which can seem like a good idea if you filed an inside straight the last time around. Their design is the residue of luck, which isn't what Mr. Rickey said. **END**



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TRIUMPH

gobbled up three small bottles of Kaopectate on race day, he announced himself fit.

"I feel that I finally have it," he said over a breakfast of cheese omelet and tea, "it" being a combination of 1) good training, 2) confidence and 3) a general feeling of strength. "I also thank a little less of Grelle as strong competition, not because he isn't a fine runner, but because I feel sharper now."

But how did he feel about Ryun? Snell held his cup of tea in one hand and stared out across the dining room, obviously trying to decide just how he did feel about the young American.

"Well," he began at last, "one looks at him and thinks, 'How thin he is. He could still use a bit of training.' Besides, I don't like the thought of a teenage distance runner developing so rapidly. I don't care for the idea of a young boy beating strength and experience."

Snell, except for the fact that he has been able to play his favorite game, golf, considerably more often than he does at home in New Zealand, has not enjoyed his final fling at the world quite as much as he had hoped. After his Compton victory Snell lost to Bill Crothers at Toronto. He then moved on to Vancouver, contracted an irritation of the lower colon and finished a dismal 10th behind Grelle in a mile race there.

Grelle, too, had his problems. He lives in Portland, Ore. and works as a salesman for a firm that distributes class rings and yearbook covers. The day he came to San Diego he had bought a new house, closed a contract for yearbook covers and been bumped off his scheduled flight. His main concern, however, was how to run the mile race.

"I don't consider beating Snell at Vancouver a real victory," he said. "He was sick. I know he might have been hard put to beat my time, but Snell is a runner who puts hard. I still want to beat him, but I haven't decided what my goals here will be. Should I try to beat Snell or go for second or third and make sure of the trip to Russia? I'll probably decide during the race when I see how I feel."

By the time Grelle was ready to make up his mind the decision had been denied him. From the very beginning the race promised to be a fast one. Included in the starting field of eight was Josef Odložil, the Czechoslovakian silver medalist at 1,500 meters in Tokyo. Under

the runners was an exceptionally fast track. Made of Grasses, an asphalt composition material, it had been laid down in Balboa Stadium last September at a cost of \$40,000. At the start Cary Weisger jumped into the lead, but his pace was slow and the time at the half mile was, for this new generation of milers, a sluggish 2:00. With 600 yards left, the boyish-looking Odložil suddenly sprinted into the lead, but he could hold it only until Ryun, right on plan, charged by him, coming out of the first turn of the last lap. Ryun plunged down the backstretch, with Grelle and Snell thundering along behind him. Going through the last turn Grelle challenged for the lead, but Ryun held him off. Then, when Snell came at him down the final straight, he held the New Zealander off, too. Ryun's time for the final 440 was 54 seconds. Snell had to admit that an 18-year-old, even if he looked as if he needed a bit more training, could still be a formidable miler.

"He ran a very good, tactical race," Snell admitted ungrudgingly later. "He ran wide and I had a very hard time trying to get by him. I just didn't have the zip I needed when I wanted it."

Two events involving the other teenage distance star, Gerry Lindgren, threatened earlier to obscure the mile. They were Lindgren vs. the NCAA and Lindgren vs. Mills. For three weeks prior to the meet the political rump-pulling between the NCAA, which insisted that its member schools boycott the meet, and the AAU over who should control track and field in the U.S. had focused more attention on who would be in the cast than on what kind of show might be put on.

The first important breach of the boycott was made by Lindgren, the tiny freshman distance runner from Washington State, who has made a career of doing the unusual ever since, as a 17-year-old high school senior, he suddenly began to run two- and three-mile indoor races that were astoundingly adult. Now he took on the NCAA by mailing in his entry to compete in the AAU meet.

"It hasn't been easy to stick to this decision," he admitted the week of the race. "My own school said that they'd take away my eligibility and my athletic scholarships. A wire from NCAA President Everett Barnes seemed to say that I owed more to my school than my country. Well, that's not the way I look at it."

Even the very ground he trains on conspired against Lindgren. Several days before flying to San Diego he stepped in a hole during a workout and twisted his ankle. It became very sore and swollen and resulted in Lindgren's temporary withdrawal from the meet. This brought noises from the cynics that the hole was strictly imaginary and had probably been dug by the NCAA's executive director, Walter Byers.

Maybe the skeptics had a point. Lindgren chased Mills around the track as if the Olympic 10,000-meter champion were Byers himself. The two runners, pulling well out in front of the rest of the field, sped along at a world-record pace for 23 laps, then accelerated together through the last quarter mile in a foot-burning 58.6 seconds.

"I felt I had to be lucky to break 28 minutes," Gerry piped in his near-falsetto voice. Mills was less elated. "I was aiming for a record," he said, "and not because I felt that great. The record just isn't that good. Everyone's knocking at the door and all distance records are going to start down, down, down."

That is probably the most important point to emerge from San Diego, where Bob Schul's American citizen's record of 13:10.4 in the three-mile run was all but lost between the longer and shorter races. Schul recently has been beset with a knee injury, a foot injury and a duodenal ulcer. He was a badly beaten last to Snell in the Compton mile and a badly beaten last to Australia's Ron Clarke in the Toronto three-mile. But last week he hardly looked like an invalid. Schul alternated in the lead with Neville Scott, the tall New Zealander, and tiny, wiry, balding Ron Larrieu, then sprinted ahead for good with 120 yards to go.

"I feel wonderful," he said after the race. "I felt I could do better than 13:10 if I had to, but with the race in Helsinki coming up so soon I hope it wouldn't be necessary."

Helsinki is where Schul and Mills were to meet Clarke, who until Sunday held every major world record from three through 10 miles, and recent mile and two-mile record breaker Michael Jazy of France on Wednesday night in a 5,000 meter race. But was Schul worried? No. He felt so good after his win that he could barely stay in bed and was up the following morning at 6 o'clock for a round of golf. That's the way it is when things are going really well. **END**



THE HARDEST-HITTING SNEAD

It isn't Sam, the old plutocrat of the pro tour, but his brother Homer, the even older autocrat of the driving range, and Homer is not one to keep his provocative opinions to himself BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

The sign out front that extols a soft drink also, as a concession, identifies the place as the HOMER "SNEAD" GOLF RANGE, leased and run by, painted, repaired and wired for electricity by, grass cut and pampered, cookie jars filled, machinery nursed along by, golf balls cleaned and striped by, golf lessons, advice and stern admonishments (throttling ball thieves and heaving them over the back fence) administered by Homer Charles Snead, who has a kid brother named Sam. Sam is famous, but Homer can hit a golf ball farther. Authorities on this are Welford (Pete) Snead, another of the Snead brothers, and Homer Snead. "When I get one on the screws," says Homer, "it's 15 yards past Sam on the fly. Straight as a string." Sam, on the other hand, does not encourage the comparison. "After all," he says, "Homer is 65 years old now."

The Homer "Snead" Golf Range (the quotes are the sign painter's) is five and a half acres of coral rock cushioned, barely, by diehard St. Augustine grass—a thin green drop cloth on a terrazzo floor—and located off the Palmetto bypass in Miami. It fronts on Coral Way, which is the beltline to the high-frumpy shops of Coral Gables' Miracle Mile. On one side of the range is a new gas station; on the other, across a narrow road, are a Royal Castle hamburger emporium and a high school football stadium. It is, if you forget Homer for a moment, the epitome of America's 4,500 driving ranges, those right-by-the-concrete sport complexes where membership dues are zero, where no shot is out of bounds and where—very likely—more golf balls get hit than at all the private country clubs from Miami to Waikiki.

"And where more teaching gets done, too," says Homer Snead, "the real teaching." He says his head might be turned by the offer of a good club pro job but, as a rule,

"there ain't nothing lower than a club pro. Worst job there is. I've tried it. There's always about four old ladies trying to tell you what to do." And for that matter, he says, only a handful of teaching pros know their four-iron from their forehead and some of the instructional gimmicks people fall for are "just ignorant, just plain ignorant." Homer Snead is not a man to let his opinions loiter around in the shade.

On a recent Miami evening, Homer propped his elbows on the counter of the little white blockhouse that serves as office and catchall room, slid his straw hat down to his eyebrows and looked out over the tee line. All of the stalls were occupied, 20 rubber mats on a concrete strip, divided by red fences, shin-high. The vapor-mercury floodlights Homer had put up illuminated the progress and contorted faces of the dubbers, nubbies and missers, the common sufferers of hook-and-slice disease, and the driving-range jockeys who can hit a ball a mile—in any direction. The worriers were there, too, the respectable golfers and the near-to-it's who tomorrow would be striving in crucial \$2 Nassaus at Miami Springs or the Biltmore. And also the nonworriers, who do not care or appreciate that the little white rubber tube rising from the mat offers the equivalent of a tee shot and the little green scrub brush next to it approximates the fairway, because they only want to get up there and *hit* something, get it?

A driving range has this peculiar kindling effect on people's courage. They will try it, even when they discover the treachery involved in attempting to forcibly direct a stationary ball, and they come either steeled to the embarrassment that would ordinarily inhibit them or safe in the assurance that the big fellow on the next mat is going to hit a few grounders himself. They come in Bermudas, in tight skirts, sneakers, business suits, bathing

continued

LENN PELLER

At his Miami range Homer runs balls through a striping machine to keep cartsters from stealing them.

suits, zoris and barefoot, in fashionable golf outfits, in shirtsleeves, in high heels, in Capri pants. Some come intoxicated. "I don't pay no attention," says Homer. Some are a menace with a club in their hands. But at the moment they were all keeping the ball in front of them and no one was violating Homer's "No Swinging Behind the Tee-Line" sign—he yells at them when they do—or his "No High Heels on the Putting Green" sign. So Homer was relaxed in the office.

He fished into the Lance cookie jar, the one he keeps operational with masking tape, and dug open a package of chocolate cookies. "What a bunch of *hackers*," he said, grinding down on the first syllable. It is his favorite noun, hacker, and he switch-hits with it—delivering it with scorn, and then again with affection. The catch is to know the difference. He sometimes refers to himself as "the world's worst hacker." That's affection.

"Watch that guy over there," he said. On the third mat a tall, lean young man in beach shoes and beltless chinos was demonstrating for his chubby girl friend. The girl wore a red bandanna blouse with a bare midriff. Her dungarees had a tight grip on her. The boy friend was telling the chubby girl to keep her arm rigid! rigid! and to hunch over like so, and Homer said, "Swing like that, and he won't know if it's going to stay in the state or go up his pants leg. Look, he's going to wrap it around his neck and choke himself to death. Damn. He couldn't hit Kate Smith in

the fanny with a ton of rice." The lean young man dribbled one off to the right.

Homer shook his head sadly and bit down on his chocolate cookie. It grieves him to see the terrible things he has to see.

"You really 65 years old?" A boy in a University of Florida T-shirt had been listening to the conversation, waiting for Homer to rent him some balls. Homer does not always drop everything when a customer arrives. This posture is sometimes mistaken for ornerness, but it is actually disdain. "I don't believe it," said the college boy. "Sixty-five? You don't look 65."

"Uh-uh. A dollar basket you wanted? Or a bucket? Buckets are \$1.75." Homer wasn't listening, because he was about to tell a story. He is 65 and he looks 45; great, muscled, Alley Oop forearms; great, square, brick-red face; and eyes, hard eyes; great gnarled hands, with fingers like cucumbers, torn and ripped by things that had not yielded to his gentle touch—a nail, a balky fixture—and thus provoked his temper. When it comes to acquiring justice from inanimate objects, Homer does not overlook the value of temper. The newspaper machine in front of the Royal Castle, for example, is glass-enclosed, with a gate that trips open when a coin is inserted. It digested his dime two mornings straight without dispensing a paper. When it rubbed him again the third morning Homer said in a loud voice, "To hell with it," and before the terrified eyes of a little man in a brown suit who had just invested a dime and was there wondering what to do next, Homer lifted the vending machine over his head and smashed it open on the sidewalk. Sensational. Homer then picked up one paper from those scattered around, and the little man grabbed up a dime that rolled to his feet and hurried away. The next day there was a new machine and a sign on it that asked unsatisfied customers to please call the following number before taking matters into their own hands.

"Anyway," Homer was saying, passing a dollar basket to the college boy, who was now trying to get in good with Homer by telling how a branch of his family tree was traced to the Virginia Sneads, "Anyway, this guy comes in here. He's from Georgia. *Jawja*. He's big around as he is long. Looked like a barrel. He says he's having trouble with his woods, 'but ah can really hit mah ahns.' I tell him O.K., let's go see you swing a club. He had a grip like Ty Cobb. Hands this far apart, all bent over like a washerwoman. So I showed him how to grip the club. He stood there about a minute like he was afraid to move, and then he says, 'Hail, Mistah Snead, ah cin't hit it thinsaway. Ah feel *deformed*. Ah feel *deformed*.'"

Everybody was laughing, and the college boy was so

"Tengo, tengo!" Homer cautions a pupil. "Just let the club head do the work. You can hit the ball with a mallet if you swing right."



taken by Homer's narrative that he just stood there holding the basket of balls. "Say, Homer," he said, getting familiar, "I've been thinking about taking lessons myself. How much would one or two lessons be?"

"Well, they'd be \$5 a half hour, but you'd get just as much for your money if you flushed it down the toilet," said Homer. "Can you learn to play the trombone in one or two lessons? Well, it's the same thing, the same thing."

Homer Sneed gives as many as 20 lessons a day, but he averages about nine. Some of his pupils drive all the way down from Palm Beach to take his abuse. Homer is a purist. In the teacher-pupil relationship he thinks that the only time for trading ideas is never. One man came out on the tee line for his first lesson gripping the club as if to go to bat with the bases loaded. "You can change anything at all except my grip," he told Homer. "Don't try to change my grip. I won't change." Homer bent over and picked up the basket of balls he had brought out for the lesson and left the man standing on the tee. Another time he refused to teach a bowlegged man because "no bowlegged man can swing at the ball the right way. Just no way. If you're bowlegged you might as well go fishing."

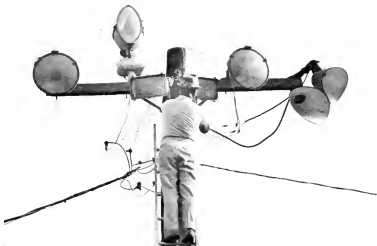
Homer starts his pupils off with a nine-iron and a backswing no longer than a couple of feet. They are told to stand perfectly flat-footed—no movement other than that forced by the natural swing of the club head. This goes on (and sometimes on and on) until "tempo" is achieved.

Homer is flat-out insistent that the tempo never change, that an increase in distance be gained only through the lengthening of the backswing. He never proceeds until things are right. He will not yield to pressure. "Everybody wants to get out that driver and hit the ball a ton. Well, that's ignorant. You can't hit the ball a ton until you learn to hit the ball." Some of his pupils progress more rapidly than others. One woman who lives in an apartment across the street comes over almost every day and is now on her third six-lesson series and is still using a six-iron. She says she is getting anxious. But some achieve inspiring results. One ecstatic pupil called Homer from Chicago the other day, a big man in real estate who insisted, over Homer's mild objections, on paying \$20 a lesson. The man said he had played his first round of the summer and wanted to credit Homer for taking 19 strokes off his game.

Homer's assistant pro and most frequent antagonist is Lucille Belanger, a sturdily built blonde with a Boston accent and a wide selection of colorful golf clothes and matching hats with pompons on the top. Lucille has been teaching a year. She, too, claims a devoted clientele. When she was younger she used to study Sam Sneed's how-to books line by sacred line. "Sam's my idol—everything he does with a golf club is perfect," says Lucille. Homer says that's Lucille's trouble, "she thinks everybody oughta swing like Sam. Well, Sam's Sam and Joe's Joe and you're you and everybody is different with different equipment." Lu-

continued

Jack-of-all-trades, Homer cloths holler to adjust wiring on the range's lighting system.



cille says she'll match her pupils against Homer's any day. Homer says oh yeah, well how come she knows so much in a year? And it goes on and on.

Now, down on the tee line, Lucille had finished a lesson and was standing back with an empty basket, talking and gesticulating. "Yak-yak-yak," said Homer at the counter. "She stands there yakking, and here we got only three baskets filled. Damn. What we need is a thousand new balls. I'm going to get a thousand balls tomorrow. We buy good balls, but the coral rock chews them up in no time. We try to keep five or six thousand in play."

"Homer's got the best driving-range balls in the country," said a man who had joined the group, a tall wavy-haired fellow carrying a bag of left-handed clubs. He was dressed all in black. "Look at me, Homer," he said, "a fat Gary Player."

"The world's worst hacker is what you are, Ed," said Homer, chuckling.

Ed said he had taken a few lessons from Homer, but Homer said Ed was hopeless, because "he listens to everybody—every hacker who comes along. He's got himself to the point where he could stand up on that tee until he dies of old age and not hit the ball. I could take a rotten lemon and a pop bottle and beat him."

It was a sad story, Ed said. There was a time not long ago when he could hit the ball a ton, but now Ed's Saturday foursome was calling him Gladys because he hit nothing but pop flies. "Homer's getting me out of it," he added.

Ed swears by Homer. He says Homer is "tough on the outside, but underneath is a heart of steel."

Homer went around back and got out the beat-up old yellow International truck with the ball-fetcher in front to make a pickup. Across the range he went, bouncing along, crisscrossing in the line of fire despite an unprotected windshield. He will pick up as many as 3,000 balls at a time, then a 14-year-old neighborhood boy named Tony Alexander helps sort them out and put them into the baskets. Tony takes lessons from Lucille, but Homer says he likes him anyway.

"Trouble with Homer," Lucille was saying to Ed, "is he has no patience with people. The law is we have to have the lights out at 11. One night I had a lesson out there, and it wasn't even 11 o'clock. Our light bill is about \$70 a month, and Homer never forgets it. There I was giving my lesson, and he turned out the lights. Can you imagine? Once he turned the lights out on a \$10-a-week customer. Homer just doesn't have a sense for public relations."

Homer had returned from his pickup and was now on the tee working with a man in Bermudas, one of his regular students. Each time the man swung, Homer bent over and put another ball on the scrub brush for him to hit. At 65 balls per basket, he figures he bends over at least 600 times a day. He calls it "making a living as a yo-yo."

"Tempo, tempo," Homer was saying. "Attaboy, see that? Straight as a string. Oh, no, now you're rushing it. Let the club head do the work. Club head and arms. Sepa-

rate the arms from the body. Ain't no way in the world you can hit that ball with your body. Keep that left heel on the ground. No, now you're trying to muscle the ball. Swing like that and everybody'll want to play you. It'll take you a week to go nine holes. Might as well go fishing. Palmer muscles the ball and he gets away with it, but not much longer, because he's getting old. Nicklaus will go on forever, because he uses the same swing, nice and easy. Tempo, tempo. All right, see that? You can hit the ball with a croquet mallet if you swing right. Keep your feet flat-footed. This ain't no dancing course. Everybody will be hitting flat-footed one of these days. It's common sense. When you start lifting and jerking around you couldn't hit it in the ocean off a ship."

At 11 o'clock Homer turned out the lights (on no one), lowered the counter window and secured it by pounding in a nail at each end, and with Lucille and Ed, drove down Coral Way to the Westward Ho Restaurant for coffee and cheesecake. Homer does not go to bars. "Bars make me nervous," he says. And he does not drink. "I can't stand the smell," he says. "Liquor stinks. And it's ignorant to drink it."

"None of us boys ever did drink much," he continued, suddenly reflective. "Sam may take a beer or two, but not much else. There were five of us, you know. Lyle, the oldest, died last year. Then me and then Jesse, Pete and Sam, and Jeannette in between. Pete has the pro job at the Pittsburgh Field Club. What a bunch of guys we were. We had the best parents that ever lived. The best, I don't care who it is. Wasn't nothing they didn't do for us. That stuff about Sam running around barefoot is just to make it sound better for the writers. We all had shoes."

"And did they love us. Hugging and kissing us all the time. I was my mother's favorite, I guess. My daddy was strong as a bull. When he talked we listened. If he said to be in at 9 we didn't come straggling in at 9:05. And I'll never forget something my mother told me. I guess I was about 13. She sat me down and said, 'Bill.' She always called me Bill. I don't know why, she just did, that's all. Anyway, she said, 'Bill, no matter what you do, be true to yourself. Be true to yourself.' I never forgot that."

Ed wanted to know why Homer hadn't gone on the golf circuit like his kid brother Sam.

"When I started playing golf," Homer said, "the circuit was nothing. No money in it. We used to caddie at The Homestead, and we played in a damn field there in Hot Springs, Va. Sam, Pete, all the boys copied me, learned from me. I could hit that ball a ton. And I could tell exactly what I did when I hit it. That's why I can teach."

"I was always strong. I could hit a baseball a mile. I played on those Honus Wagner All-Star teams around Pittsburgh when I was going to the University of Pittsburgh. I could throw it like a bullet and run like a deer. No one ever taught me how to field, though. My hands were so muscled up the ball would bounce off. I played third base and pitched, but I was everywhere. You were liable to see

continued

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me going behind second to get a ball. They wanted me to turn pro, but there was no money in baseball, either, and I had to make a living. I boxed some, too. I could really hit."

Ed said he knew it was true Homer could hit, because he heard an eyewitness tell of the night Homer caught a 25-year-old ball thief by the back fence. The guy gave Homer some lip, and Homer laid him out cold and went back to giving a lesson. Finally the man who was taking the lesson hinted that Homer might be in for trouble if he didn't go out there and revive that fellow. So Homer went back out and threw a bucket of water in his face.

"I'll never forget a bout I had with a guy named Red Ranger in McKees Rocks, Pa.," Homer said. "Red was tough, but I really caught him a good one. Almost killed him. Scared me to death. Anyway, a fellow came to the driving range just the other day. He was wearing a brace on his neck, like it had been there a long time. He said, 'Do you remember me, Homer?' I said I couldn't really place him, but there was something about him. Then I remembered—Red Ranger. I never fought again after I hit him that time."

"I got my experience in electrical work in Pittsburgh in the early '20s, and opened up a shop in Hot Springs. I was the only one around who knew anything about electricity. Then I met this millionaire, James L. Breeze, and he had me make a radio for him. Biggest radio you ever saw. Nine feet eight inches high, weighed 352 pounds. It could pick up stations all over the country. He had me come to New York, and then he took me on a round-the-world cruise that lasted 18 months. We went everywhere: Rome, Paris, Bombay, Tokyo, Peking, Manila. He bought me two trunks of clothes. It was the greatest experience of my life."

"During the war I put in the big wind tunnel at Langley Field and did the electrical wiring at the Little Creek Naval Base and at Norfolk. Then afterward I went into the electronics business in Waynesborough, and finally I moved to Fort Pierce, Fla. There's where I decided to start teaching golf. It was about 12 years ago. I took a club job in Winter Haven. Shot 61 five times on that course. Then I moved to Long Boat Key in Sarasota with Sam. Now there is a golf course. Long and tough. Nobody could beat me on that course, nobody, and I played the best. Then in 1963 I got the driving range."

Ed said it would take a blow on the head to make him throw everything to the winds to start teaching golf at age 53.

Homer looked at him sympathetically. "Hell, Ed, didn't you ever do something just because you always wanted to? Because you felt you just had to try it?"

Homer's recount of Homer's life deserves a little amplification of other Sneads. They still call Homer "Fuzz" because of a mustache he almost grew as a young man, one of the only unsubstantial things he ever did. In his book *The Education of a Gaffer*, Sam Snead wrote that Homer was his hero and it was Homer he copied as a boy. "Homer taught us in a haphazard sort of way," recalls Pete Snead,

the brother in Pittsburgh. "We played in a hayfield next to this church in Hot Springs. Homer dug two holes 150 yards apart and put in tomato cans. I was about 10, and I was playing with Homer and some of his friends. I was trying to swing the club cross-handed. Homer said, 'Put your right hand below your left hand.' I told him I couldn't hit it that way. He told me a couple more times. Then he hauled off and cuffed me on the head. 'Dammit, put your right hand below your left hand!' As you might guess, that settled that."

At one time or another all the Snead boys caddied at The Homestead resort course for ice-cream money. Homer was especially admired for how far he could hit a ball, even when it went through the skylight of a nearby church and rained pieces of glass down on the preacher. "Dad whipped us all for that," says Pete. "But Homer always wanted to see how far he could hit the ball—just wanted to see it take off. I think he can still outhit Sam. He always could when he got it right. If he'd gone into golf early, he could have been as good, maybe better'n Sam. When he was 18 he hit iron shots that looked like a trout going upstream—so fast they quivered. I miss Homer. But I agree with Sam. He's always been too independent. It's his downfall."

Sam remembers that during the war Homer would drive the 250 miles from Norfolk to Hot Springs just to play golf on the weekends. "He'd play 36 holes on Saturday, 36 on Sunday, then drive back. I didn't see much of him as a kid. He was 12 years older and was always working, but I remember people would come into his shop with a wagonload of radio parts and Homer'd put 'em together. Once he built a great big one with a dynamic speaker. A woman heard it half a mile away and complained to the police. He wired most of the houses in Hot Springs."

"But you know, he needed glasses and was too proud to wear them. Dad was the same way, awfully high-strung. I guess we all are a little bit. When Homer had his country club jobs he never learned to put people on the butt. You know, butter 'em up a little. You can't be too independent when you're serving the public. Those old ladies used to raise hell. Homer didn't make friends too easy."

Homer occasionally gets into print with comments on Sam's game—"Sam can't win the Open because he uses the putter like it was a crowbar"—but Pete calls this the old Snead razzing, and the brothers remain very close. As it is, Homer refuses—is too proud—to take advantage of Sam's status. There are pictures of Sam, one torn from a magazine, another in an old frame, hanging in the office at the driving range, but someone else put them up. Sam gave an exhibition at the range once, and Homer was exceedingly pleased, for he is truly proud of his kid brother (Sam is 53), but he turned down \$5,000 to autograph balls for a manufacturer, because the manufacturer wanted to work Sam's name into the advertisement.

Now, at 2 a.m. at the Westward Ho Restaurant in Miami,

continued

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HARDEST-HITTING SNEAD *continued*

the coffee and cheese gone, the brief minutes of looking back on his life completed, Homer left for his single room (with bath, \$45 a month). And at 6:30 a.m. he was back at the range, following his Spartan routine. (For a year he tended the range seven days a week, 16 hours a day. Eventually he and Lucille decided to take Sundays off to play golf—on a course—and Homer hired a young man to do the tending.) Homer took off his shoes with the tassels, put on a pair with crepe soles, rolled up his pants legs two turns and went out to cut the grass on his little putting green, though he actually hasn't allowed putting on it for 15 months. He says he is saving it for lessons. Then he pulled the water hoses around for a while and stuck an aluminum ladder up into the lights to work on some wiring. He recently constructed a last-a-lifetime frame for an awning that will stretch across the tee line. It required all manner of imposing cables and braces and telephone poles sunk into the ground. "I can do anything," he said. "I can do anything except fly. I can hop up and down, but I can't fly." A little later he was giving a lesson to an 81-year-old would-be golfer from West Virginia who bantered with Homer between shots and reached up and plucked the straw hat off Homer's head. "See that bald head?" the old man said. "He's a Snead all right. But I think he's got more hair'n Sam, and he looks younger, too." When his lesson was over the old man left in a chauffeur-driven Lincoln Continental.

Homer went back into the office and for the next hour ran balls through the striping machine. Each ball came out circled with a thin blue line. The line is for identification. The identification is for a customer who might otherwise be tempted to slip a ball or two in his bag. Then he went through a huge tub of balls, fishing out the bad ones.

It was Saturday, usually a slow day, and in the evening Homer got out his brazier and barbecued Delmonico steaks for Lucille and Tony. He uses what Lucille calls The Homer Snead Quick-barbecue Method: instead of charcoal the secret ingredient is newspaper. "The trick is to light it from the top," said

Homer, holding two pieces of steak over the fire as it flared up. He stood through the meal to keep an eye on the comings and goings on the tee-line. The regulars do not usually appear on Saturday night—"buncha strangers is all we get"—so Homer does not always turn on the lights that illuminate the green 140 yards up the fairway. But tonight there was a good crowd so he agreed to turn on the lights.

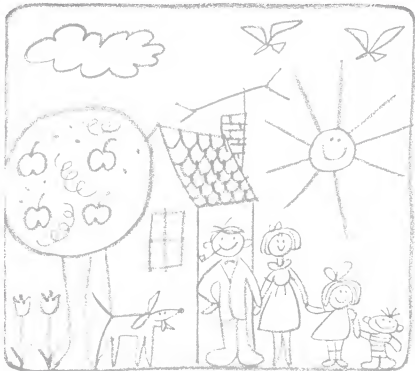
"What I oughta do is have my invention out there," he said. He pointed behind the office to a huge comic face made of wood and metal and plastic. It is wired for sound and its mouth is a large aperture with a leather throat for catching balls. "I call it the Electronic Head," said Homer. "It's a gold mine. I got it patented. You hit a ball in the mouth and it talks back to you. Only thing I have to do is put my voice on a tape and rig it up. I can make it say anything I want it to."

"He's always doing something around the range," said Lucille. "Always got that ladder up in the lights. I tell him he'll shock himself if he's not more careful, but he says he's positive and it won't hurt him. I'll never forget when Sam came down one afternoon. He couldn't believe it when he saw Homer out there on the tractor. 'What's he doing out there?' Sam said. 'Why don't he get somebody else to do that kind of stuff for him?' Sam was boiling, but Homer kept right on picking up balls until he was finished."

The next day was Sunday, his day for golf, and Homer Snead, who is too busy with the game all week to either play it or practice it, went to the Rolling Hills Country Club in Hollywood with Lucille. Rolling Hills is a difficult 7,262-yard, par-72 course. It has narrow fairways and plenty of water, none of which mattered to Homer. He hit drives close to 300 yards, straight as a string. He putted for birdies on 14 holes. He had an eagle on the 554-yard 13th. He complained constantly. He said he never putted so bad in his life. He shot a 68.

"I'm the world's worst hacker," said Homer Snead, oldest of the golfing Sneads. Lucille rolled her blue eyes toward Heaven.

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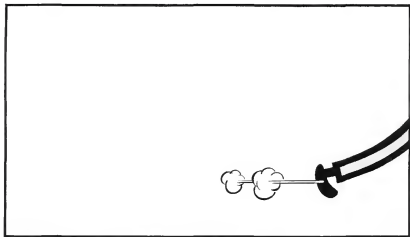
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

At times only two games separated first place from fifth. Still in the thick of it was CLEVELAND (5-2), which a month earlier had been sixth. Since then the Indians have played .758 ball, and although their winning streak ended at 10 they remained a close second place on clutch hits by Chuck Hinton (game-winning homers in the 10th and 15th innings), Rocky Colavito and Max Alvar. And home attendance was up 100,000, spectators (4-3) finished three full weeks of play against nothing but first-division contenders with a 11-11 record. The Twins clung to first place by winning once on an infield squibbler, later on a foul-pole homer. Until this year Pitcher Hank Aguirre of DETROIT (3-4) was almost a legendary nonbatter. His lifetime average was .077. Last week, though, he hit in his third straight game and raised his average to .375. Aguirre also drove in the winning run for what was his fifth straight victory. Juan Pizarro, a 19-game winner for CHICAGO (4-2) a year ago who could not get by the sixth inning this year, was put on the disabled list with a bad shoulder. Milt Pappas of BALTIMORE (4-4) was given assorted gifts—one of them a plaque from the Maryland Penitentiary Fan Club—for having won his 100th game earlier in the season. Robin Roberts lost his seventh in a row. There were actually two separate races going on, with new york (5-2) finally on top of the second cluster of five clubs. Yankee Pitching Coach Cot Deal and Catcher Elton Howard tried to get Al Downing to waste less time between pitches. Downing stopped fiddling and with a little relief help pitched a three-hitter. Left-hander George Bruner's three-hit shut-

out against the Tigers was the only for ANGELS (1-5) win in a 10-game stretch. WASHINGTON'S (2-4) Pete Richter kept up his strong pitching. During the past 50 innings he had an 0.50 FRA and gave up only 24 hits. Carl Yastrzemski of BOSTON (4-4) went 17 for 32 and moved up to second in the batting race. Pitchers Roland Sheldon and Don Mossi helped KANSAS CITY (3-5) salvage three wins.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"A good timber never grows with ease, it needs a strong wind and storms to give it strength."—From *Words to Live By*, a notebook of inspirational helps compiled by PITTSBURGH (4-2) Pitcher Vernon Law. The last four seasons were filled with wind and storms for Law, but he has grown stronger and is again one of the best pitchers extant. He was regarded as such in 1960 when he won 22 games, including two in the World Series. But during the Series he suffered a severe ankle injury, and that was followed by a shoulder tear in 1961. In 1963 he went down to the minors and later that season voluntarily retired from baseball. He came out of retirement in 1964 and began to pitch well again, but hardly anyone noticed his 12-13 record last year. This spring he lost his first five starts, principally because of weak hitting and woeful fielding by his teammates. At that point Law, a Mormon elder, must have known how Job felt when Satan tested him. Since then, however, Law has belted opposing hitters. He won eight straight games (including three shut-outs), held opposing hitters to a combined batting average of .143 and had a 1.59 ERA, best in the league. Last week he blanked the Giants on four hits and squelched the league-leading Dodgers 6-1 on three singles; he also had a three-run homer and three singles. Law's teammate, Willie Stargell, had five home runs during the week, including three in one game against the Dodgers. Stargell had 20 homers for the season, 17 of them on the road. The LOS ANGELES (2-4) offense was whisper-quiet (.184 BA). Hard-luck Claude Osteen pitched a two-hitter and lost to the Mets 1-0. HOUSTON (5-1) had lost 13 of 16 when NEW YORK (1-5) arrived at the Astrodome. The Astros promptly ran off four straight wins. "The only thing wrong with the Mets," said Houston Vice-President George Kirksey, "is that we don't play them enough." After Wade Blasingame of MILWAUKEE (2-5) won a four-hitter, Billy Williams of the Cubs said, "I don't care if he is only 21, he pitches a lot like Spahn." Catcher Joe Torre fubbed a foul third strike that gave Don Pavletich of CINCINNATI

16-2) another chance, and Pavletich hit a game-winning homer. Pitcher Sammy Ellis of the Reds left the ball park after being knocked out of the box in the first game of a doubleheader. At home he found a stern message ordering him back to the park. He returned late in the second game, retired the one batter he faced and got credit for the victory. Six days later, he went 11 innings to beat Milwaukee for his 12th win. Larry Jackson of CHICAGO (4-1), last year's top winner in the majors when he was 24-11, was drubbed by the Braves and is a top loser (4-10) this year. Two ST. LOUIS (3-5) players were fired for not being alert, and General Manager Bob Howsam criticized the club for lacking confidence. Howsam also said that Manager Red Schoendienst had to get tougher. Bob Gibson (9-6) broke his losing streak with a shutout over the Cubs. PHILADELPHIA (3-3) Manager Gene Mauch had advised faltering Reliever Jack Baldschun not to throw his screwball. Baldschun complied for a time but last week, using the screwball again, he was hit hard. "I've pitched my way for the last five games," said Baldschun, "and that was my first bad one." Replied Mauch: "He's full of beans." Mauch also urged Bo Beltracy to forget about his screwball, which seemed fitting. Bo could not resist trying a few lone was a wild pitch, but he struck out 10 and beat the Astros 7-1. Mauch, who had a lot of trouble with pitchers during the week, stopped a game with SAN FRANCISCO (2-3) 13 times to demand an inspection of Bob Shaw's "screwball." The umpires found Shaw guiltless, and he went on to pitch a one-hitter; the one hit was a home run by Wes Covington.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



VERNON LAW

LEADING ROOKIES*

BATTING	AB	HR	RBI	BA
Billye Givies	154	6	30	.278
Cardinal Angels	271	7	29	.264
Morgan Amos	278	3	52	.251
Cleveland Mays	180	13	30	.240
Peter Davis	107	4	20	.241
Beckert Gube	288	1	53	.238
Schal Angels	223	9	26	.215
Kerry White Line	181	3	12	.208
Harvey Logan	103	2	12	.204
Petevalis Red Sox	114	2	8	.202

PITCHING	IP	W	L	ERA
Lonny Bantz	27	2	0	1.33
Wagner Philcats	48	2	2	2.20
Brewer Twins	61	4	3	2.90
Lopez Angels	107	7	7	2.83
Palmer Orioles	36	2	2	2.95
May Angels	84	4	7	3.11
Lomborg Red Sox	93	4	7	3.25
Howard White Sox	60	3	4	3.75
Rowan, Texas	38	2	3	3.79
Kirk, Mets	55	3	5	4.58

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MANITLED IN GLORY

Sirs:

Thank you. For the first time this season I have read an unbiased and completely truthful article about the Yankees (*Decline and Fall of a Dynasty*, June 21). When I first saw the cover I expected another article dripping with contempt for the Bombers, but I was surprised most pleasantly. The story did not belittle the Yanks in any way, and it gave credit where credit was due. Although an era may indeed be ended, the entire league has benefited from it. Happily, all attempts to bring the Yanks down to the level of the rest of the league failed. Instead, the league has come up to the Yankee level—which is why it is a better league, providing better baseball and better pennant races.

MIKE BARRETT

Miami

Sirs:

Meethinks you speak too soon. The Mick is mighty and shall prevail.

I agree with Jack Mann that the era is over, but this Yankee-lover (and there are many more of us than George Weiss would care to admit) will have the last laugh when the Yanks beat the Braves in the 1965 World Series.

Maybe Mantle still leads both leagues in cheers, boos, coos and ahs.

MICHAEL JAY KALTER

Brooklyn

Sirs:

The Yanks are far from through, and when Mantle leads them back you'll have to eat that eighth cover with his picture on it.

F. JULES LUND JR.

El Paso

Sirs:

No doubt this is the time all Yankee-haters have been waiting for. But one must ponder what the end of Yankee domination really means. Just how excited will fans get over the likes of a Mazeroski winning a World Series with a home run against, say, Detroit? How dramatic will it be when a Lou Burdette wins three Series games against the White Sox? Will the center-field area of the Kansas City ball yard ever bear shrines serving to immortalize their past heroes? Will anyone ever retire the uniforms of Willie Horton and Billy Williams?

The Yankee tradition has helped, perhaps even saved, baseball. My real interest in the game arose from the legendary feats of the New York Yankees. I believe all baseball fans will one day be telling their football-minded sons and nephews about the Yankees that were and the baseball that was.

True, there'll always be the sport of base-

ball, just as there'll always be an England. But base's England changed, too, with the demise of Churchill?

DON M. DUBIAS

Grand Rapids

Sirs:

Tell me, Mr. Mann, what AL team has a fellow that hit 61 homers, the best catcher in the past decade, a second baseman unchallenged as the best in the AL, a pitcher with the best won-lost percentage in the majors and an anonymous man with the initials M. M. No Ruth or Gehrig? Well, nobody has the likes of them anymore.

STEVE MUHLSTOCK

Teaneck, N.J.

Sirs:

Now that the dynasty is falling, I am sure there are millions of sportsmen who feel a deep twinge of regret.

MICHAEL MESSINA

Pittsfield, Mass.

SCCE HOMO

Sirs:

I hereby cast one loud and clear vote for Ken Venturi to repeat as your—or, for that matter, anybody's—Sportsman of the Year.

By past and present example this man stands for all that I would wish my son to be as a sportsman and a man. His ability to learn from his mistakes and the courage he has shown not only in winning but in playing in the face of almost certain defeat are unparalleled.

PAUL AMOS

Detroit

Sirs:

I have just read Gwynn S. Brown's *Two Sporting Triumphs over Men and the Clock* (June 14), and I must speak my mind. Mr. Brown said Jim Grelle had earned the reputation "as track's finest also-ran." He referred to Grelle "chasing Beatty and Barleson across finish lines" and his "frustrating career." Jim probably doesn't remember me, but I was a year behind him at Lincoln High School in Portland, Ore., and when "devotion to sport" and "training" come to mind I think of him. To me, sportsmanship is doing your very best at something you enjoy. Perhaps Jim's track career has been disappointing from the standpoint of winning, but he has never quit or become bitter.

Anyone who has ever seen Jim run must see that here is a dedicated man going all out for his sport, his team and his country. Such a man can never be called an also-ran.

MARY K. HUMPHREYS STEEVES

Coos Bay, Ore.

FALLING CHIPS

Sirs:

I should like to congratulate Mark Kram for his perceptive and interesting article on American soccer, *Chopping away at U.S. Apartheid* (June 21). His story, though brief, touched all corners, presenting a picture that is generally not recognized by people outside soccer circles.

Obviously the game of soccer will never replace football, basketball or baseball in the U.S., but it will command more and more of the public's attention, especially with the increasing number of homegrown players on the rosters of teams at all levels. This fact, in particular, was evidenced by the U.S. Olympic team, which made a creditable and encouraging showing in the qualifying rounds last year.

ALAN R. CHASE

Honolulu

Sirs:

From Mark Kram's elucidation of soccer's future success in this country, I get the impression that he believes this game is not wanted over here.

Actually, the American public dotes on the stand-around-type sports, like baseball and football, where there is plenty of time between plays. Do American baseball and football fans really go to see the game? Compare the looking-around, crowd-watching spectator habits at these games with those of the crowd watching ice hockey. From the standpoint of speed and individual skill of players (including dexterity and agility), only basketball or ice hockey are comparable to soccer.

The proper level to initiate this game is early. Give the elementary school a modified but well-coached game. Top this with instruction and the formation of leagues at the secondary school level (where they have the specialists) and then try to keep soccer from becoming a national sport!

ELDON HAUCK

Anaheim, Calif.

RUBBLE ROUSERS

Sirs:

Edward Mayo of Kennebunkport, Me. (*Seco's CARD*, June 21) is not a detractor with his parties at the city dump. As a matter of fact he is a true visionary. One of the leading sociocharitable functions of the year in Sacramento is the annual "Revel in the Rubble" party put on by the Associates of the Hearing Society. Last year it was held at the city dump, and it was a blast. This year it was in a wrecking yard. Next year it's going to be in San Francisco.

J. PAUL GUYER

Sacramento



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